

JANUARY

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MAVROLEON







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## DIARY OF THE WEEK

From January 18 to January 25



MRS. MANUEL MAVROLEON, whose photograph appears on the cover of this week's TATLER, was married at the Greek Cathedral of St. Sophia in London this month to Mr. Manuel "Bluey" Mavroleon, of Belgrave Square, S.W.1, elder son of Mr. Basil Mavroleon, the shipowner. She was formerly Señorita Gioconda de Gallardo y Castro, daughter of Mrs. Harry Bentley, and of Señor de Gallardo y Castro, founder of the Banco International in Mexico where the couple are spending their honeymoon. Mrs. Mavroleon is a clever linguist and artist. Pictures of the wedding will be found on p. 85

Jan. 18 (Wed.) The Queen visits King Edward VII School at King's Lynn.

Racing at Newbury (two days).

Jan. 19 (Thurs.) London Couture Collections (three days).

Josef Krips conducts the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra at the Royal Festival Hall, at 8 p.m.

Jan. 20 (Fri.) The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester attend the Middlesex County Council Dinner at Grosvenor House.

Hunt Balls:

Cowdray, at Cowdray House.

Old Berkeley, at the Town Hall, Watford.

Racing at Sandown (two days).

Jan. 21 (Sat.) Fernie Hunt Ball, at Dingley Hall, near Market Harborough.

Fencing: the Desprez Cup at the London Fencing Club.

The Royal Choral Society in *Messiah*, conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent, at the Royal Albert Hall.

Racing at Newcastle and Market Rasen.

Rugby Football: England v. Wales, at Twickenham.

Jan. 22 (Sun.) Concert: Solomon at the Royal Festival Hall (3 p.m.).

Jan. 23 (Mon.) Racing at Wolverhampton.

Anna Pavlova, a midnight commemoration performance at the Stoll Theatre.

Jan. 24 (Tues.) Eton College returns for the Easter half.

Princess Margaret attends the preview of *Plain And Fancy* at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, in aid of King Edward VII's Hospital for Officers.

Jan. 25 (Wed.) First night: *Plain And Fancy* at Drury Lane.

Racing at Plumpton.

Boxing: England v. Scotland (Amateur) at the Royal Albert Hall.

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### Portrait in the Italian manner: Miss Nichola Cayzer

**M**ISS NICHOLA CAYZER, who was one of the most lovely of last year's débutantes, is the elder daughter of Sir Nicholas Cayzer, Bt., and Lady Cayzer, of Walsham-le-Willows, Suffolk. This sensitive drawing of her is by Douglas Anderson. Her father,

who is the second baronet, and succeeded in 1945, is also heir presumptive to the baronetcy of his kinsman, Sir James Cayzer, of Kinpurnie Castle, Angus. Miss Cayzer, who is tall, fair and vivacious, has one sister, Elizabeth, nine years younger than herself



## A CHRISTENING IN CHELSEA

LORD and Lady Teynham with their infant daughter the Hon. Henrietta Margaret Fleur Roper-Curzon, who was christened in the More Chapel of Chelsea Old Church, in Cheyne Walk. The Roper-Curzons are descendants of Sir Thomas More whose daughter Margaret married a William Roper, Clerk of the King's Bench. Lord Teynham, the 19th baron, is a Captain R.N. (retd.). He is a Deputy Speaker of the House of Lords



Clayton Evans

## Social Journal

Jennifer

### PRINCESS MARGARET AT "THE WELLS"

PRINCESS MARGARET, looking very fit and well and wearing a crinoline of salmon pink slipper satin embroidered with crystal beads and silver thread, went to the gala performance at the Sadler's Wells Theatre, to mark the twenty-fifth anniversary of its reopening.

The site on which the theatre stands is known to have been continuously occupied by buildings devoted to entertainment from 1683 to 1916 when it became derelict. The late Miss Lilian Baylis, of Old Vic fame, was the moving spirit behind the rebuilding venture. Money was collected by public subscription and private donation and on January 6, 1931, the fine new theatre opened with *Twelfth Night*, with John Gielgud and Ralph Richardson in the leading rôles. The first ballet came five months later.

ORIGINALLY the plan was for the opera and drama companies to give alternate performances at the Old Vic and Sadler's Wells, but as both companies expanded this was found to be uneconomic, and in 1936 Sadler's Wells became the home of opera and ballet and the Old Vic continued with drama only.

On her arrival at the theatre Princess Margaret, who is President of the Sadler's Wells Foundation, was met by the Hon. James Smith, chairman of the Governors of the

Foundation, and the Mayor of Finsbury, Councillor F. J. Coman. After several presentations the Princess proceeded to her seat in the centre of the front row of the dress circle. In her party were the Hon. Katharine Smith in embroidered gold satin, Mr. and Mrs. Mark Bonham Carter, her lady-in-waiting Miss Iris Peake, Lord Plunket and the Rev. Simon Phipps, who sat on each side of the Princess, and Major Raymond Seymour.

FIRST they heard a prologue especially written for the gala performance by Christopher Hassall, and spoken by Joan Cross. The programme included excerpts from the operas *The Pearl Fishers*, *Faust*, Verdi's *Simon Boccanegra*, *The Marriage of Figaro* and *Hänsel and Gretel*. The ballet included *Dances Concertantes*, the dream pantomime danced in *Hänsel and Gretel*, and Act III of *The Bartered Bride*, while the highlight of the whole evening was when the exquisite and inimitable Margot Fonteyn with Michael Somes danced the *pas de deux* from Act II of *Le Lac des Cygnes*. This received tremendous applause from all over the house.

Several presentations were made to the Princess in both intervals, including Sir Malcolm Bullock, Dame Ninette de Valois, Sir Kenneth and Lady Clark—the latter is one of the governors and a director of the Sadler's Wells Trust—Miss Annette Prevosk, the Hon.

Antony Lyttelton and Sir Leigh Ashton.

After the gala had ended there was a charming little ceremony on the stage, when Princess Margaret cut the traditional Twelfth Night cake, which was in the shape of a giant Yule log covered in chocolate icing. Sir Bronson Albery then presented Mrs. Miller who had made the cake, and in a very informal little speech Mrs. Miller asked the Princess to accept a miniature one they had made especially for her.

When the gala audience had left, another one, mostly supporters of the Old Vic and of Sadler's Wells, came in to fill the stalls and dress circle to watch *The Vic-Wells Revels* which began around 11.30. I could only wait for the first item called *Grizel*, which was an extremely amusing and well-produced skit on *Giselle*. I saw Margot Fonteyn, now changed into a red faille dress, sitting in the stalls watching this, much amused.

★ ★ ★

THE Pineapple Ball at Grosvenor House, organized as before by old boys of Stowe School, was a successful evening in spite of the very smoggy weather. This ball is organized annually to raise funds for the Stowe Club for Boys (The Pineapple) which was started in 1927 and is situated in the Marylebone-Paddington area of London.



It is for boys from 10 to 18 years, who can participate in boxing, snooker and table tennis, attend weekly classes for gym, drawing and painting and drama, and learn to become responsible citizens. The present club premises are rented, but the site is already acquired and the plans drawn for a new Pineapple Club to be built by 1960.

At the ball was the usual tombola which has become part of most charity events, and an outstandingly good cabaret. The headmaster of Stowe was not present, but the second master, Mr. A. B. Clifford, who is also honorary treasurer of the Club and one of the original committee who got it going, was there. Also Mr. Ryland, Mr. David Duckworth who was chairman of the ball, Mr. Adrian Gale who designed the posters for it, Mr. David Kitching the deputy chairman, Mr. John Hillier, Mr. Timothy Greenly and Miss Valentine Muggeridge, who both brought big parties.

I ALSO saw Mr. Graham Turner-Laing who brought a party, Miss Joanna Hustler, Mr. William Weatherall dancing with pretty Miss Sally Russell, Miss Tessa Williams dancing with Mr. Peter King, and Miss Sally Probert-Jones in red, dancing with Mr. John Adams, who left the next day for Majorca with his parents to recuperate from the bad motor accident he had last autumn.

Mr. Peter Ryland, who was at school at Stowe, was dancing with his wife who is a brilliant author of children's books, Betty Larom. Her best-known book perhaps is *Baba*, the story of a little lamb. She told me that she has two new characters, Happy and Butterball, in the new book which she is working on now, which she hopes to have ready by next Christmas. The Rylands have two young children who already enjoy listening to their mother's stories, Carol aged three years and Christopher aged five, who, his father told me, he hopes to send to Stowe.

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MANY friends in the medical world, including Sir Harry Black, President of the Royal College of Surgeons, Sir Arthur and Lady Porritt, Mr. Naunton Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Read and Mr. Dickson Wright and his wife came to the wedding of Mr. Dennis Walters and Miss Vanora McIndoe, younger daughter of the brilliant plastic surgeon, Sir Archibald McIndoe. This took place at St. James's, Spanish Place, and the bride, who is a lovely girl, was given away by her father. She looked radiant wearing a dress of white lace with a full skirt falling into a train and her tulle veil held in place by a tiara.

There were two pages, the bride's nephew, Jamie Montfort-Bebb, and Charles Helmore, who wore white silk shirts and blue velvet trousers. The one child bridesmaid, Shelley



MR. MANUEL MAVROLEON and his bride, Miss Gioconda de Gallardo, after their wedding at the Greek Cathedral, Bayswater, with Mr. N. Mavroleon (best man), Miss Y. de Gallardo (bridesmaid) and small pages Basil Mebricos and John Chandris

Page, wore a white organdie dress with a little floral headdress.

Later the bride's parents, Sir Archibald McIndoe and Adonia Lady McIndoe, who wore a sapphire blue velvet coat and little hat to match with touches of pink, held a reception at Claridge's where they received the guests with the bridegroom's parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Walters, who have a delightful home at Vicenza in Italy.

Mr. John Walters, who was best man, proposed the toast of the young couple and, besides those I have already mentioned, also at the wedding were the bride's grandmother, Mrs. John McIndoe, her sister Mrs. Simon Montfort-Bebb and her husband—their little son Jamie was one of the pages—Lady Marks, Air Chief Marshal Sir Christopher and Lady Courtney, and Mr. Humphrey Berkeley, who is busy with his Conservative educational work.

★ ★ ★

I WENT to a delightful dinner at the Forum Club in Belgrave Square in honour of Dame Evelyn Sharp, who has been elected Forum "Woman of the Year." Mrs. Hanscombe, chairman of the club committee, presided and at the end of dinner made a charming speech referring to the splendid work that Dame Evelyn, who was made Permanent Secretary to the Ministry of Housing and Local Government in October, 1955, has done.

Guests then proceeded up to the drawing-room, where an original little ceremony took place. Mrs. Claude Wilson, who is chairman of the directors of the club, after making a delightful short speech, presented Dame Evelyn with a small laurel wreath and a year's honorary membership of the club. Dame Evelyn, who wore a grey evening dress embroidered with white paillettes, then spoke and told of her early days in the Ministry which began thirty years ago, and paid tribute to those who had helped her during those years.

Among those present at this dinner and presentation were Marie Marchioness of Willingdon, Dame Vera Laughton Mathews, who did such magnificent work with the W.R.N.S., Sir George and Lady Pepler, Dr. Kathleen Lonsdale, the brilliant scientist who was made a Dame in the New Year's Honours, Mrs. John Forshaw, Miss Halpin of W.V.S. fame, and Miss Janet Quigley, who runs *Woman's Hour* for the B.B.C.

★ ★ ★

THOUSANDS of sailing enthusiasts owe a deep debt of gratitude to the Hon. Max Aitken for inaugurating the National Boat Show which has recently been held at Olympia for the second successive year. It has meant that all who are keen on sailing can go to this Show, which was much bigger and better than its predecessor, and study craft of every conceivable size. These ranged from the smallest dinghy, which I noticed costs less than fifty pounds complete with sail, to a very fine sailing boat or the most luxurious motor cruiser. There was, of course, every sort of accessory on view at the various stalls. The Show has also given a tremendous fillip to the British boat building trade, and this year builders were inundated with orders, not only for the home market, but for very big sums from buyers overseas.

During the show the Hon. Max and Mrs. Aitken gave a very enjoyable cocktail party in the restaurant of the Empire Hall at Olympia, when many personalities of Cowes, Bembridge and other sailing resorts were present. During the party Mr. Aitken presented the newly inaugurated Max Aitken Yachtsman of the Year Trophy to Mr. Eric Hiscock. This intrepid helmsman and his wife, who was also at the party, sailed right round the world in their 30-foot boat the *Wanderer III*.

The Hon. Denis Berry and his brother the Hon. Neville Berry, both keen sailing enthusiasts, were at the party, also Lord Teynham, Commodore of the House of Lords Yacht Club, and Lady Teynham, and Sir Hugh Dawson, a former Commodore of the Bembridge Sailing Club who owns the nice motor cruiser *Verity*.

[Continued overleaf]

Mr. and Mrs. Brian Lascelles with Miss Veronica Gracie at the Mavroleon wedding



Mr. Gerry Albertini was talking to Mr. and Mrs. Adrian Farquhar



Mr. Clous Bulow was in conversation with Miss Sally Churchill







*One of the pages, Lord Burghersh, son of the Earl of Westmorland, came to rapid decisions at the buffet*



*Sarah Craven, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Craven, made short work of a goblet of lemonade*



*Nicky Henderson, the other page, retired to the window to eat a biscuit and watch guests arriving*

The bridal attendants, duty done, found messing arrangements excellent

## Continuing Social Journal

### With the yachtsmen, diplomatists and children

He was talking to Sir Peter Macdonald, Member of Parliament for the Isle of Wight, and nearby Group Capt. Douglas Bader was chatting with Mr. Uffa Fox, who the following day took young Prince Michael of Kent, a keen sailing enthusiast, around the show, pointing out everything of special interest.

COL. and Mrs. Towers-Clark, who told me they are off to Majorca for a holiday next month, were sitting at a table with friends and I met Mr. Frederick Erroll, M.P. for Altrincham and Sale, and his very attractive wife who was in red, and Col. Jackie Ward who came in for a short while before he went round the Show. I saw Sir Archibald and Lady McIndoe talking to Mr. and Mrs. Teddy Underdown, Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Cecil, Mr. Pat Egan, Mr. Donald Gomme, inventor of the famous skis, Mr. Tommy Clyde talking to Mr. Derek Parker-Bowles, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Crichton who seldom miss a Cowes week, and Mrs. Dick Fremantle who told me that her husband, the new Commodore of the Royal London Yacht Club, was away in Germany on a business trip.

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BEFORE this party I went in to the Dorchester Hotel for a short while, where the Ambassador for Haiti and Madame Joseph L. Dejean were holding a reception. This was to celebrate the 152nd anniversary of the national independence of Haiti. There were many members of the Haiti colony in London present, and of the Diplomatic Corps. Among these I saw the Peruvian Ambassador, the Philippines Ambassador and Mme. Guerrero who have a busy time as he also represents his country in Norway, Sweden, Finland, Denmark and the Federal Republic of Germany. Mrs. Pandit, the High Commissioner for India, was the centre of a circle of friends, as

also was archaeologist and television personality Sir Mortimer Wheeler.

★ ★ ★

MISS DORICE STAINER annually organizes a children's party at the Hyde Park Hotel for pupils of her dancing classes and their friends, in aid of the Sunshine Homes for Blind Babies. Fancy dress is optional, but most of the children seem to rise to the occasion. I arrived in time for the judging, which must have been extremely difficult as so many of the costumes were so good. One of the most effective and easiest to make without great cost was Christmas Mail, worn by Sallyann Ellert, who won the prize for the most original of the under fives. Another very effective one was worn by Mrs. Berkeley's little daughter, Sara, who came as a basket of flowers.

Brigit Latham was outstanding as a Victorian lady dressed for Ascot, and Lady Charles's daughter, Elizabeth, won a prize in an authentic Dutch girl's costume.

Before tea the children were entertained by clowns from Bertram Mills Circus, and after tea there was dancing and games for the young people of all ages.

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As guests entered St. Peter's Church, Eaton Square, for the marriage of Mr. Charles Smith-Bingham to Miss Gillian Hewett, they could not help admiring the huge vases of mimosa placed on each side and at the end of the aisle. The other beautiful flowers beside the chancel steps were arum lilies mixed with white lilac and white chrysanthemums, with a cluster of mimosa in the centre of each vase.

The bride, who looked very pretty, wore a dress of cream lace mounted on tulle with the train cut in one with the skirt. Her short tulle veil was held in place by a circlet of

orange blossom. There was only one grown-up bridesmaid, Miss Joanna Smith-Bingham, an outstandingly lovely girl who wore a long sleeved yellow satin dress. Two very youthful child bridesmaids, Christian Surtees, cousin of the bride, and Sarah Craven, wore long dresses of the same material with short puffed sleeves, and they all had headdresses of mixed freesias. The two little pages, Lord Burghersh and Nicholas Henderson, both cousins of the bride, were dressed in miniature replicas of the scarlet uniform of the bridegroom's regiment, the 15/19th Hussars.

AFTER the ceremony there was a reception at the Hyde Park Hotel where the bride's parents, Col. and Mrs. H. M. P. Hewett, the latter in a dress and hat of soft smoke blue with touches of pink, received the guests with the bridegroom's parents, Captain Arthur Smith-Bingham and Mrs. Jean Garland, very good-looking in a dress of tan ribbed silk and an osprey trimmed hat to match. There were many friends from the hunting world, in which both families are well known. Masters of foxhounds included Earl Bathurst, Mr. William Pilkington, joint-Master of the Bicester, and his wife who owns that useful chaser Must, and Miss Beryl Buckmaster, joint-Master of the Warwickshire hounds since 1949. She came with her mother, Mrs. Walter Buckmaster, and her sister Eulalie.

THE Earl and Countess of Westmorland—she is a first cousin of the bride—were there to see their elder son, Lord Burghersh, carry out his duties as page with great coolness. Lady Manton, looking lovely wearing a little yellow satin hat with a fur coat, was talking to the bridegroom's aunt, Mrs. Jack Thursby, very chic in black velvet with a little pink satin hat, and the Hon. Mrs. William Ekyn who wore a magnificent mink coat over her black dress, as they waited to go up the stairs at the reception.

Friends who had come up from the Duke of Beaufort's country included Major Gwyn Morgan-Jones, Major Cuddy Stirling-Stuart, Mr. and Mrs. Wooldridge and Captain and Mrs. Charles Tremayne. I met the bride's aunt Mrs. Cathcart, who had come down from Scotland for the wedding, and her daughter



## BRIDE WITH FLOWERS: A WEDDING THAT FORESHADOWED THE SPRING

WHEN Miss Gillian Hewett married Mr. Charles Smith-Bingham, the ceremony at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, was notable for the wealth of flowers which made the winter's day glow. The bride is seen here awaiting her guests. Left, two pages and a little bridesmaid

Miss Ann Wilmot, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mills, Mr. and Mrs. Rosselli and their son Hugh, Comte and Comtesse de Pret Roose, Col. and Mrs. Douglas Forster and their daughter Tessa, Mrs. Enid Cameron, Mrs. Jean Belville, Mr. and Mrs. Daglish, Mrs. Robin McAlpine, and Mrs. John Ward, who came with the Marchioness of Northampton. Others there included Mrs. Tommy Emmet, Mrs. Walter Pepys, and her daughter Mrs. Gosling with her husband.

YOUNGER guests, of whom there was a great number, included Sir Nicholas Nuttall, Miss Mary Mount, Miss Mary Macdonald - Buchanani sitting with Lady Melissa Wyndham-Quin in the church, Mr. Jocelyn Stevens, Miss Jane Sheffield and the Hon. Diana Herbert who were among a bevy of very pretty girls who arrived together, Lord Patrick Beresford, Mr. William Fox who was best man, Mr. Dicky Gaskell, one of the large number of ushers, and Mr. "Obby" Waller just back from a visit to Ireland.

Young marrieds included Mr. and Mrs. Thomson - Jones, Mrs. David Wentworth - Stanley and her sister Mrs. Weatherby, Mr. and Mrs. Archie Kidston and Mr. and Mrs. Toller. There were no speeches when, after the bride and bridegroom had cut their wedding cake, everyone drank their health. Later they left amid cheers and much amusement, as to get to their car they had to jump a miniature fence which their friends had placed on the pavement! They are a very fortunate young couple as they are having a two months' honeymoon in America and the Bahamas, where the bridegroom's mother has a house on Andros.

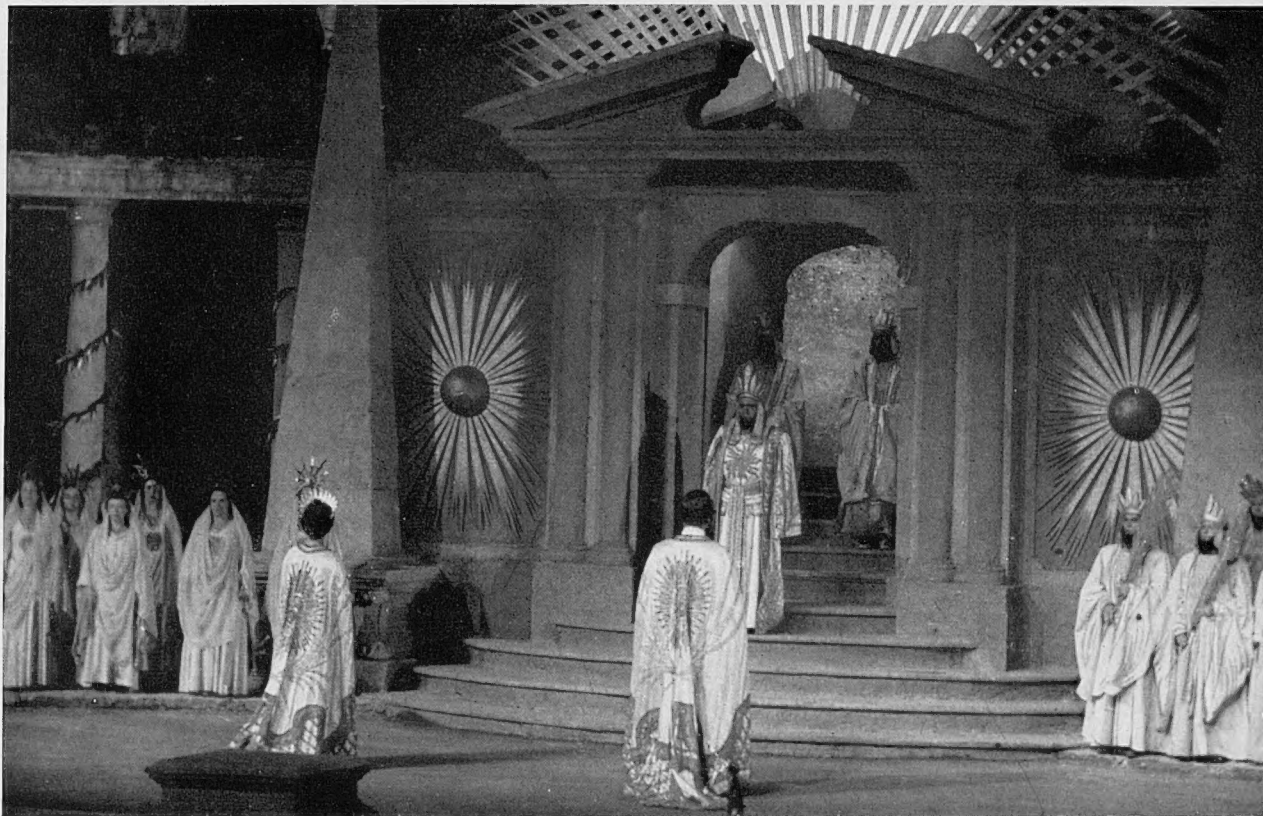
★ ★ ★

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER has graciously promised to attend the film première of *The Conqueror* at the Odeon Theatre, Marble Arch, on February 2. This is being given in aid of two very deserving organizations—the Special Forces Benevolent Fund and the Building Fund for the new Memorial Wing of the Victory Ex-Services Club. Mrs. John Ward is president, and Mrs. Frankland Moore, one of the hardest and most able workers for charity in this country, is chairman of the première committee and making great efforts to raise a big sum.

The Special Forces Benevolent Fund has never before appealed to the public—enough funds have been contributed by members of the Special Forces Club. But now requests for help are increasing, children are growing up and money is urgently needed to help the dependants of those who gave their lives serving in the Resistance Movement on work behind the enemy lines in occupied countries, many spending dreadful months in concentration camps. These brave people should not be forgotten, and it is our duty to help their dependants. Tickets for the première may be had from Mrs. Frankland Moore, M.B.E., 31 Pembroke Road, W.8.







A scene from the production of *The Magic Flute* at the 1955 Salzburg Festival. The décor and costumes were by Kokoschka

## MOZART'S GREAT PANTOMIME

ROBERT BOAS, who writes on the new production of "*The Magic Flute*" which will be performed at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, to commemorate the Mozart bicentenary celebrations on January 27, has made an intensive study of opera since his schooldays. He has visited the principal Continental festivals and goes regularly to British opera houses

"I WAS born into evil days," wrote Bernard Shaw in *The World* in 1893, "when *Les Huguenots* was considered a sublime creation, and *Die Zauberflöte* 'a damned pantomime.'" The realistically minded mid-Victorians always had difficulty in accepting the fantastic world of Mozart's *The Magic Flute*, with its serpents, comic bird-catchers, queens who descended from the skies, and priests who travelled in lion-drawn carriages, as a legitimate setting for a great work of art; and even today one meets opera-goers who, while acknowledging the greatness of Mozart's music, dismiss *The Magic Flute* libretto as a farrago of nonsense as contemptuously as their grandfathers did before them.

Yet Mozart approached the composition of his last German opera in a spirit of intense seriousness, and regarded it as a work of the highest ethical significance. It is well known that for the last seven years of his life he was an ardent freemason; his librettist, Emanuel Schikaneder, was of the same persuasion, and there is no doubt that both of them intended *The Magic Flute* as a masonic allegory. This explains the spiritual quality of Mozart's music—so much more deeply felt than anything in his conventionally religious works—and also his quickness to take offence when the uninitiated made fun of the opera's apparent absurdities.

WRITING to his wife shortly after the first production of *The Magic Flute*, Mozart describes how he snubbed an acquaintance for laughing during a performance of the work. Such sensitivity must have seemed strange from a composer who had made his name as a master of *opera buffa*, and it is a striking indication of the almost religious turn which Mozart's operatic thought took in his last years.

It is difficult for us today to appreciate the part which the masonic movement played in central European life at the end of the eighteenth century. At the time of the first production of *The Magic Flute* in 1791, the Bourbon monarchy in France was in the process of being swept away by violent revolution, and the Austrian Government, which headed the forces of reaction in Europe, felt justifiably nervous of an international secret society, numbering such men as Voltaire, Goethe

and Haydn among its members, which propagated liberal and humanitarian ideals. In Act 1 of *The Magic Flute*, the Speaker declares that Tamino is a prince; "yet more," replies Sarastro, "he is a man," and the dialogue is an excellent example of the kind of egalitarian propaganda with which the masonic movement alarmed the upholders of the *ancien régime* in Austria.

It was entirely in character that Mozart should have ended his operatic career by wedding some of his most solemn music to a masonic drama with universal brotherhood as its central concept. Thus the theme of *The Magic Flute* is essentially a topical one. Now it is proverbially the fate of topical dramas to date quickly, but this does not necessarily result in their being dismissed as so much nonsense by succeeding generations.

For example, the theme of Gilbert and Sullivan's *Patience* was already out of date by the time of the opera's first production, and has remained as dead as mutton ever since, yet the libretto is still admired as one of the wittiest Gilbert ever wrote.

THE real objection to the book of *The Magic Flute* is not that it has dated, not that its allegory is incomprehensible to modern audiences, but that it suffers from the fact that Schikaneder and Mozart changed their minds about the story when half the work had already been written.

The problem of why Schikaneder and Mozart changed their minds has never been satisfactorily solved, and the resulting damage to the libretto, while it could not diminish the surpassing greatness of Mozart's music has undoubtedly hindered *The Magic Flute* from being taken seriously as a drama. When the work was first performed at Covent Garden in 1833 it was given as part of a longer programme made up of the most incongruous items. Mozart's opera was performed first (in German by a German company) and was followed by a ballet entitled *The Pages of the Duke of Vendôme*, after which the evening's entertainment terminated with the popular farce of *Perfection*, or *The Lady of Munster*, "in which," so the contemporary poster runs, "Madame Vestris will appear and introduce the favourite songs of 'The Gay Tournament' and 'Why Did I Love!'" Our ancestors may perhaps be forgiven for failing to perceive the metaphysical qualities of Mozart's masterpiece, when presented in such strange company.





Margarethe Teschemacher as Pamina and Gerhardt Hüsch as Papageno in the Covent Garden production of 1931 under Bruno Walter

With the coming of the Victorian era, it is reassuring to find that *The Magic Flute* was taken more seriously. It was chosen for performance on the occasion of the Queen's state visit to Covent Garden in 1851, and the royal party heard the work there twice that season and twice again in 1852. But even in these and in the numerous subsequent performances of the 1860s and '70s, the opera was always given in Italian as *Il Flauto Magico* with Italian or Italianate star singers who, we may be sure, rivalled their successors of today in remoteness from Mozartian style and teamwork. An 1851 newspaper description of the great tenor Mario in the part of Tamino as "a walking gentleman" has an unmistakable ring of truth about it for those of us who have heard Mozart's operas performed by Italians.

COMPLETE darkness descended on *The Magic Flute* after 1888 as far as Covent Garden was concerned. Between that year and 1920 the work did not receive a single performance there. The only possible explanation of this extraordinary fact is the tremendous enthusiasm during the period for the works of Wagner. To listeners who found the realization of their operatic ideals in Wagner's perfect integration of stage drama and music, the marriage of Mozart's divine score to Schikaneder's muddled libretto must have seemed unhappy indeed. The prevalent attitude towards *The Magic Flute* at the turn of the century is well expressed by the American critic W. J. Henderson who, writing of the work after its first performance at the Metropolitan Opera, New York in 1900, declared: "It must be confessed that those careless persons who find it easiest to listen to the music of an opera without consideration of the story are the most likely to get complete satisfaction of a presentation of *The Magic Flute*. Beautiful as Mozart's music is—and it is instinct with genius throughout—it cannot satisfy those who have acquired their operatic education in these days of musical dramas." Remarkable though it may now seem, the ultra-Wagnerian taste of the period entirely refused to accept the older operatic masterpieces as "musical drama," reserving that title exclusively for the works of Wagner and his disciples!

AFTER World War One, the opera's fortunes in England began to revive. Although it was given during only two of the sixteen international seasons held at Covent Garden in the inter-war years (in 1931 under Bruno Walter and again in 1938 under Beecham), it was well served during the brief period when the British National Opera Company appeared at the Royal Opera House in the early 1920s. It is significant that the present resident company at Covent Garden, whose work represents a logical continuation of that of the B.N.O.C., should have given *The Magic Flute* a similarly prominent place in its repertory, performing the opera every year between 1947 and 1953.

The inference seems to be that *The Magic Flute* is nowadays considered more suitable for demonstrating the qualities of a repertory company than for providing rôles for international visitors. We shall have a new opportunity of judging whether or not this contention is valid on the 27th of this month, with Covent Garden's new production of *The Magic Flute*, in honour of Mozart's bicentenary.



Derek Allen

Mr. Rafael Kubelik, Covent Garden's musical director, who conducts the Mozart Bicentenary production of *The Magic Flute*. Below: Christopher West, the producer, discusses the gauze designs for this new production with the artist John Piper







"Of course, my parents were furious when I married out of my religion"

## Roundabout

**Paul Holt**

**T**WELFTH Night is the time for story telling and we were sitting round the fire, waiting for something to crop up. I should imagine that thirty stories were told, but these are the only ones I can remember now.

Mr. Hugh Gaitskell, the new Leader of the Opposition, likes to go to parties and he went to one just after he was elected to lead his party. There were many ambitious politicians there and some important editors of national newspapers, all of whom, quite naturally, were interested in a word with the new leader.

But he was stuck in a corner, pinned by a bright, brassy woman with light blue hair.

At last an editor dared to push his way through her chatter and, as they were all

going home, said: "I do congratulate you, Mr. Gaitskell."

"What?" cried the blue-haired lady, "is it your birthday? Why didn't you tell me?"

Then there was the story told by Larry Adler, the harmonica player, about a splendid man who wanted to play the fiddle. Into a shop he went, bought one and began to play. But magnificently. Menuhin wasn't in it.

He played at the Festival Hall and began to tour the world and everywhere he went the applause grew. Then, on a trip across Africa his plane crashed and he found himself in the jungle, surrounded by wild animals. Again he played and the animals gathered around him, enchanted. He soothed their savage breasts. Sud-

denly a panther leapt from a tree and ate the man up. At this an elephant grew angry.

"Now, why did you want to go and do a thing like that?" he demanded of the panther.

"Speak up," said the panther. "I didn't catch what you said."

**A**ND, of course, there was a ghost tale. A bachelor, living by himself in a half-furnished flat, as badly kempt as bachelors' flats are apt to be, asked a friend one evening in to play the piano with him. They played the night long and the friend left. But when the man woke the next morning he noticed that there was only one set of footprints on the dusty floor. They were his.



Ghost stories lead to a lot and I was interested to notice that in the new book about ghosts and poltergeists at Borley Rectory in Essex—*The Haunting Of Borley Rectory* (Duckworth & Co., 16s.)—a team of “psychic experts” said that when analysed, the evidence for haunting and poltergeist activity appears to diminish in force and finally to vanish.

This certainly confirms what I have known, for a good friend of mine, Charles Wyndham Sutton, spent a long time there at the same task, long before the rectory was burned down, and he came back to report that he had found nothing supernatural at all in the building.

The sceptics who are making this report are members of the Society for Psychic Research, and they go so far as to claim that Harry Price, secretary of their own society, himself built up and elaborated the manifestations. In fact they say he faked them.

**I** KNEW Harry well and I would not have put it past him. Before he died I once attended a most interesting ceremony staged by him.

I joined with him in opening the famous box of Joanna Southcott, that queer mystic whose small casket was supposed to hold the mystery of the world.

Harry, a cheerful man, had no doubt that when he opened the box great revelations would emerge.

But what the mysteries of Joanna turned out to be were an old horse pistol, a rabbit's skull and an old papyrus, tied with red ribbon, with nothing written on it.

Harry was not dismayed.

**T**HEN somebody told a story about an old lady who lives up the road from us, who took an Austrian maid. She was so efficient at polishing the silver that now the old lady cannot resist trying to do it herself, while the Austrian maid sits in a corner reading space fiction, but keeping an eye on her.

And another told the story of a famous old lady who discovered that her cook could play Chopin. This was a problem for her, for she likes to eat well, but also likes Chopin, so she would be found late in the afternoon cracking a horsewhip in the air while the cook, who had done her Wiener schnitzel with crossed anchovies, or a Holstein with an egg on top, played a sonata.

You cannot tell what will turn up on Twelfth Night.

**F**INALLY we had a discussion about the insult hurled by many of the clergy at their parishioners by refusing to allow, without supervision, private epitaphs on new tombstones in their churchyards.

And we agreed that it was a monstrous intrusion on private sentiment.

Naturally, this led to a competition for private epitaphs and to my surprise and pleasure it was won outright by a small, shy lady who had not said a word. Suddenly she opened her mouth and delivered this:

*One short, discordant cry for mercy  
And the Great Artificer took our Percy.*



MISS AGATHA CHRISTIE received the C.B.E. in the New Year's Honours, a fitting tribute to a writer who has given the public such high value in entertainment by her detective novels and plays. The fascination of Miss Christie's writing lies not only in the unexpected twists of her plots but in the expert drawing of human character faced with insidiously perilous situations. She published her first book, *The Mysterious Affair At Styles*, in 1920, the first of a long line of successes, and her play *The Mousetrap* at the Ambassadors Theatre reached its 1,300th performance on January 9. In private life the wife of Professor Max Mallowan, the archaeologist, she always accompanies her husband to Iraq or Syria to dig for some months during the year. Interior decorating is another interest for which she has a considerable flair





**THE LIMERICK HUNT BALL** was held at Adare Manor, Co. Limerick, by kind permission of the Earl and Countess of Dunraven. It is the first time that a hunt ball has been held at Adare Manor for thirty years. Above: Lady Dunraven, the hostess, with Captain Peter McCall

Major Richard Dill with Lady Zinnia Denison, daughter of the 4th Earl of Londesborough, who came over from Newport, I. o. W.

Mr. Simon Hornby, one of the Dunraven house party and Lady Caroline Wyndham-Quin, daughter of the Earl of Dunraven



The Marquess of Waterford, Mr. Ian Cameron and Miss Sonia Pilkington, sister of Sir Thomas Pilkington, Bt.

Fennell



## At the Races

### THIS JUMPIN' BUSINESS

So many people affect to despise jumping in any form, yet look how they grizzle and grouse when they are deprived of even four days of it, as happened at the recent Christmas recess. The things they said about the people who are responsible for arranging the fixture list just do not bear repeating!

Criticism is easy, Art is difficult. No one has ever yet succeeded in pleasing everybody, and no one ever will! Steeplechase jockeys are quite as much entitled to a bit of Christmas turkey even if it is only the Pope's nose, as the rest of us! Anyway the Grand National winner being the main target I doubt whether anyone saw him! Kempton is hardly Aintree, neither is the more exacting Cheltenham.

IMBER HILL is a good young steeplechase horse and on his recent performance he may be capable of getting over the Aintree fortifications, but only Aintree itself can tell us the answer. Galloway Braes, who was right up in the fighting line at Kempton, is well entitled to be put in the first three of the Parkers, but I do not believe that any of the prophets would dare to say more than this. We shall have to look elsewhere for the National winner. Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother's Devon Loch is probably the better of her two, and he may jump well enough to defeat those frowning fences, but that is far from being all there is to it. No matter how good any horse is, he needs every bit of luck that may be lying about to help him to survive that great test. Disaster may come neither from a fall, nor even a bump, but from just how awkwardly he hits one and lands. It is just like that; luck all the time!

Kempton, Cheltenham, etc., have shown convincingly that the present crop of jumpers is very near vintage, but no one can say at this moment: "There goes the winner of the National." If Quare Times is as fit as he was last March I believe that he may be quite good enough to do it again, but at the moment everything that wins is ticketed "an Aintree hope."

It is a golden rule never to forget a horse's best form, and especially over such a place as Aintree, where even the sight of the big fences beats some of them before they have jumped one.

AN old friend who went to the Boxing Day meet of the Quorn, little Hubert Woodward, has sent me a paper which says that this time-honoured tryst drew a crowd of over 10,000 and that there were eighty people in the field, this of course including the young enthusiasts from the Pony Clubs. By comparison with the past eighty is very small, but in these times it is almost a bumper. In times gone by, three or four hundred was by no means out of the way at any of the Quorn fixtures or at those of the other three packs based on Melton or the Pytchley, and to get a start, or at any rate the kind of start you wanted, was not always as easy as kissing your hand, and when you did get away you had plenty of company: bundles of people to the right and left of you.

I personally thought the Quorn about the most accommodating, and the Cottesmore the one in which you had to mind your eye. I do not know what things are like today, but certainly between the wars the Cottesmore people did not seem to lay their fences as adroitly as the other two. You used to be able to jump them where you liked, but nowadays I should imagine that it would be plain suicide. However what's the odds so long as you are happy!

—SABRETACHE



## A FAMOUS HUNT DANCES AT JOINT MASTER'S HOUSE

MANY members of the Pytchley and neighbouring packs and their guests attended the very enjoyable hunt ball at Holdenby House, Northampton, the home of Capt. and Mrs. George Lowther. Capt. Lowther is one of the Pytchley Hunt's three Joint Masters



*Mr. David Gill, Capt. Peter Sebag-Montefiore, Miss Anne Lindsey and Miss Bridget Leygh were resting between dances*

*Earl Beatty dancing with the Hon. Lady Hardy, who was secretary of the ball*

*Mrs. Peter Brooke and Major B. M. Borwick, a Joint Master of the Pytchley*



*Countess Beatty and the Earl of Westmorland were two of the early arrivals at the ball*

*Lady Salt, and Sir David Salt, Bt., with Mr. Derek Arnott and Miss Anne Harding*

*Miss J. Herbert, Major J. Maxwell, Capt. A. J. Cubitt and Miss S. Stourton*

*A. V. Swache*



## Priscilla in Paris

## "MISS" NEVER

## GAVE UP

So Mistinguett is dead. To state the fact is almost to deny it, for she had nearly persuaded us that she was immortal.

With her goes not only a personality but an institution. Her supreme virtue was her love for her job, and in her heyday she could do what she liked with an audience. We went on admiring her pluck until her last appearance here—though it was in London that she made her last real appearance—somewhat disastrously, and Paris was very grateful to London for having been so kind and patient with her.

She never really gave up—having often assured me that she was "built to last at least a hundred years"—and only a few weeks ago was planning a European tour.

LATE one evening I was passing the Olympia. Above the melodious but urgent chant of the vendors in the New Year booths, the normal hum of conversation, the traffic cops' whistles, the squeal of brakes and the hiss of tyres on wet wood-paving, a new hullabaloo came blasting out of the famous music-hall. It had an emphatically metallic sound and I hurried past, with an anxious eye on the buildings around me, as I wondered about the trumpets of Jericho!

I need not have been anxious. It was merely the Thursday evening patrons of the new fortnightly programme expressing their pleasure! Their latest method of doing this is to bang on old saucepans with stout kitchen spoons! This beats the G.I. whistle and smashing the furniture, but it is rather hard lines on any performer who comes on after a star turn who has refused to give an umpteenth "encore"!

A RAG-AND-BONE sale, that brought 1,500,000 francs to theatrical charities, took place with great *éclat* at the Ambassadeurs. There were more rags than bones, unless one counts the tiny inlays of ivory on the old guitar that had once belonged to Tino Rossi and that was knocked down, to one of his fans, for 150,000 francs. A chiffon evening cape, worn by Sarah Bernhardt on the stage—a gift to the sale from Edwige Feuillère—only rose to 51,000. In the days when it was new and made, no doubt, by the Dior of the moment, it may have cost about 200. (How sad a thought!) A somewhat tired-



looking straw hat, made "expressly for Maurice Chevalier," fetched 100,000, and Charlie Chaplin's "gamp" brought in the same sum. These were the highlights of the sale. I had neither the time nor the wish to see the rest of the rubbish disposed of . . . charity certainly covers a multitude of sins, while lunacy seems to cover a multitude of "fans," and for this charity can be grateful.

QUITE a Parisian evening, and night, in so far that it started at the Grand Opera House and finished at Maxim's at 2.30 a.m.

This was the première of Russian-born Serge Lifar's new and somewhat truncated version of Serge Prokofiev's ballet *Romeo and Juliet*, danced in a décor by George Wakhévitch. His Excellency the U.S.S.R. Ambassador and Madame Vinogradov were present, also their Excellencies the Ambassadors of Holland, Poland, Greece and Chili, who afterwards met the leading members of the *corps de ballet* at Maxim's. Serge Lifar was presented with a solid gold ballet shoe in commemoration of his twenty-five years as dancer and choreographer at the Opera House.

Many of the usual habitués of the Opera were in their customary seats at this première but a great many were absent; electioneering duties keeping quite a few balletomanes away from happier ploy! Not that the ploy, on this occasion, was quite what one expects from the Paris Opera House. It was want of rehearsal, surely, that caused such a lack of *entente* between certain ensembles and the orchestra, but this will right itself very quickly.

THERE were beautiful moments during the evening; Lifar is a remarkable *maître de ballet*, but I find it regrettable that he should have cast himself as Friar Laurence and performed (I do not say "danced") as if he had a bow and arrow hidden under his robe. I am sorry to appear captious, but to be honest I admit that I am prejudiced. The very idea of *Romeo and Juliet* as a ballet horripilates me!

## Plus ça change

● Sacha Guitry has grown a beard. His fans enthuse: the Master looks like Pasteur . . . like Victor Hugo! Rubbish! He simply looks like Sacha Guitry with a beard!

MISTINGUETT, fabulous figure of the French musical stage, who died earlier this month, is seen in a photograph taken about 1930 from a sketch called "The Tramp and the Dog," and in a caricature of 1925. She headed the bill from 1908 to 1935, having become known to the French public in the late 1890's—a remarkable record for an artist who relied so much upon her looks for effect. Her last appearance was in London, at the Casino in 1949. Above all, she was a symbol of the human desire for entertainment, transcending age and fashion





*The FETTER  
and Bystander  
JANUARY 18, 1956  
95*

*Cdr. the Hon. Mark Tennyson, brother  
of Lord Tennyson and heir to the title*



*Prince and Princess Metternich on the  
balcony of the Corviglia Club*



*Mr. John Schlesinger from South Africa,  
who is a skier and a Cresta rider*



*Dr. Schloss*

## MIDWINTER VISITORS TO ST. MORITZ

THE pilgrimage to St. Moritz from the world's capitals has begun. Above: Mrs. Victor Cowles, from Johannesburg, with her two elder children, Douglas and Barry Pringle, and her younger son was going for a walk at Suvretta



*Mr. W. P. Richmond, an American  
diplomat, and Mrs. Ruth Waldo Mytton,*



*M. Jack Vercontère, the Belgian race-  
horse-owner, and Mlle. Barbara Davis*



## At the Theatre

## JUSTIFIED GUFFAWS

Anthony Cookman

Illustration by Emmwood



THE ideal playgoer (there is Aristotle's authority for believing that he exists) has been in luck this Christmas. One night he can have been at *The Wild Duck*, the next at *Charley's Aunt*; and between the tragi-comedy and the farce, in point of construction, there is not a pin to choose, as this man of the perfect taste and the right opinion will not need to be told. They are both miracles of workmanship.

The only considerable difference between them is that whereas Ibsen brings off his miracle by a lot of hard thinking, Brandon Thomas flies from first to last on the wings of pure theatrical inspiration. It follows that the Ibsen masterpiece is the more delicate of the two, more open to be damaged by mistaken interpretation. But the Brandon Thomas masterpiece can stand up to almost any sort of treatment and still set the house—provincial, metropolitan or pier-head pavilion—roaring with pleasure. There is only one sort of treatment that it will not stand. No less a producer than Sir John Gielgud tried it on at the Globe last year. He played the old farce as though it were comedy. He took infinite pains to penetrate to the quintessence of each simple joke. He set the scenes moving exquisitely to split-second timing.

All in vain! Comic refinement sat sadly on *Charley*, we found ourselves at the end feeling a little sorry for the egregious Mr. Spettigue as though he were a sort of Malvolio, and the full-blooded fun of the thing was reduced to a tantalising shadow of itself.

A HIGHLY-INTELLIGENT management learnt this lesson. At this year's revival on the same stage all that is left of the well-meant experiment is "décor by Motley." And by an inspired stroke of miscasting Mr. Frankie Howerd is set galumphing through quadrangles in the aunt's voluminous skirts like an amiable cart-horse. To this treatment the farce responds instantly, and the result is something to set the ideal playgoer, the man of the perfect taste and the right opinion, guffawing his head off.

What keeps him in a perpetual state of guffaw, he knows very well, is not the spectacle of an undergraduate disguised as an aunt in the interest of his friends. Mr. Howerd is not in the least like an undergraduate of any period or of any university. He is one of those dreadful music-hall landladies who threaten horribly with one side of their epicene faces and smile, hideously ingratiating, with the other. His Lord Fancourt Babberley has been trapped in the sacred cause of friendship, but if glances could kill, his friends would die many deaths; and mingled with his horror of the rapacious Mr. Spettigue is a villainous relish for the joke that he is putting on him and a sinful pride in the genteelisms that come tumbling from him at every moment of need.

INDEED, his pleasure in the genteelisms almost makes the awful imposture bearable to him, as when invited to play the piano he screws himself round to inquire with insufferable coyness, "With what shall I oblige?" The line may not be in the book, but so well is the farce constructed that it can bear all Mr. Howerd's super-impositions on the text; it can even bear Mr. Howerd's super-impositions of a music-hall landlady on the undergraduate's idea of an aunt from Brazil.

Out of a good supporting cast Mr. Wensley Pithey stands out as Mr. Spettigue. Pursy, pompous and rapacious, he is sufficiently the bully and sufficiently the toady, for us to watch his discomfiture without a shade of compunction. Mr. Gerald Harper and Mr. Richard Waring pleasantly represent the period undergraduates who betray no surprise at their aristocratic friend's music-hall manners, and the young ladies are made sweetly captivating by Miss Joy Rodgers, Miss Wendy Williams and Miss Jane Downs.

CHARLEY'S AUNT (Globe) finds Frankie Howerd as a masquerader whose antics give matter for serious thought to the elderly suitors, Col. Sir Francis Chesney (Charles Cullum) and Stephen Spettigue (Wensley Pithey)



"OTHELLO," at the Stratford Festival, is to be buttressed by Harry Andrews as the jealous Moor and Emlyn Williams as Iago

## London Limelight

### Stratford's choice

FOR one worrying moment, when the Stratford Memorial Theatre announced that Emlyn Williams was to be their star for the season and that *Othello* was among the plays, I wondered if he were to appear in the title-role ("Oh, the little Moor, how much it is"). He is, of course, to play Iago, a very brilliant choice, and Harry Andrews, who is too often offered statuesque minor roles, will take the lead. Diana Churchill is cast as Emilia, which is excellent news, for this considerable actress was wasted last year on an indifferent American thriller.

Another newcomer is Alan Badel, who will give Stratford's first *Hamlet* in eight years. At the Old Vic this actor seemed happiest in cold-blooded roles: I hope he has infused a little honey and a hint of laughter into his voice in the interim. The season opens on April 10th with *Hamlet*, *The Merchant* follows on April 17th, and *Othello* on May 29th.

By a happy coincidence of compliments the Stratford (Ontario) Theatre, whose company will be seen this year at the Edinburgh Festival, are permitting their new director, Michael Langham, to produce our local *Hamlet*. Anthony Quayle, the ultimate maestro of Warwickshire, is contenting himself by directing *Measure for Measure* (August 14th) after his return from Kit Marlowe's *Tamburlaine* in New York.

ON Friday Max Parrish is publishing Calvin Hoffman's remarkable book *The Man Who Was Shakespeare*. This is the work of the eminent American theorist who has at last achieved his ambition in obtaining authority to open the Walsingham tomb, where he expects to find proof that Marlowe was the true author of the plays.

Mr. Hoffman, like many another researcher in this department, makes a good and fascinating case. Its strongest point was, for me, Shakespeare's Will, in which the Bard listed so many items of personal property, but not one single book, despite the value of such possessions at the time. This is a true mystery, since the author, whatever his identity, must have been a voracious reader of every known play and classic available to scholarship.

From internal evidence it is clear that he was a countryman, knew Court gossip but was not of necessity a courtier, knew coarse fellows who drank in inns, and understood stagecraft as no man has ever done before or since.

My secret belief is that his name was Shakespeare.

—Youngman Carter



Angus McBean

ELISABETH SCHWARZKOPF, who is now singing at La Scala, Milan, in *Così fan Tutte* and *Don Giovanni*, recently had the distinction of being awarded the first Golden Orpheus given by the city of Mantua. This prize is the operatic equivalent of the cinema's Oscar, and was given to Miss Schwarzkopf for her outstanding contribution to the lyric stage. To her matchless voice is added great beauty and acting ability which has won her exceptional fame in opera houses and on concert platforms throughout Europe. Her seasons at Covent Garden from 1947-49 will always be remembered for their brilliance





Delia Dudgeon

ALBERT FABER, the Swiss pianist of European reputation, has just finished making in Paris, for Ducretet-Thompson, ten long-play records of the whole of Debussy's piano music. He spent the war years in England, and has since become well known to concertgoers, in London and the provinces, and has also broadcast frequently from the B.B.C.



Baron

EDANA ROMNEY, South African-born film and stage star, has made an immense success with her B.B.C. television feature "What Is Your Problem?" in which, with several colleagues, she resolves diverse human difficulties—a type of programme which bristles with thorny problems of its own, but with which Miss Romney has proved supremely well-fitted to cope.

## The Gramophone

### MEMORY-STIRRING VOICE

AFTER a noticeable absence from the supplements in this country one discerns the name of Greta Keller once again.

Time was when this deep-throated, slightly off-key voice penetrated the drawing-rooms of the socialites, the studios of the Bohemians, and the bed-sitters of those without the where-withal to be classified as either. But time has a habit of marching forward, and of course with it, amongst other things, goes the technique of making gramophone records.

At this present juncture Miss Keller introduces, for some reason known to herself alone, "Apollo, Umberto, Silvano, Roberto, Romano," with a coyness that is positively embarrassing. She is given a very tatty accompaniment directed by René Maquet. As a second to this piece of folly she sings "Good-bye Lieber Johnny," and here she does better, but then the material is better, even though through it I can hear the sound of marching feet in much the same way as one heard it in "Lili Marlene." The accompaniment is again the responsibility of M. Maquet and his introduction of muted trumpet effects and throbbing drums makes one wonder if it is all done in anticipatory hope of another conflict.

PERHAPS the kindest thing one can say of this recording is that the singer's voice sounds far too often as though it is being smothered in smouldering mink, a feat, I gather, only to be achieved if one marches cheek by jowl with *les riches*. (Decca F. 10649.) There is also a Long-Play without the song "Lamplight," but with a perfect accompaniment from Harry Jacobson. (Decca LK. 4126.)

How refreshing it now is to turn to Les Paul and Mary Ford with their original and stylish treatment of "Alabama Bound," and a delightfully satisfying version of "Texas Lady" from Mary Ford, whose voice never for one moment sounds as though it is receiving the lethal mink treatment! (Capitol CL. 14502.)

—Robert Tredinnick



## Television

### LONG-TERM STRATEGY

INEVITABLE scarcity of new original material, whether play, programme or basic idea, leads both B.B.C. and I.T.A. to rely more and more on serials and series.

Even after children's bedtime—as supposed by the Postmaster-General—Associated Rediffusion offers grown-ups *The Scarlet Pimpernel* in weekly episodes, and a so-called "adult Western," *Gun Law*. My main objection to the former is that its popularity in the kitchen imperils dinner. As for *Gun Law*, my insatiable enthusiasm for Westerns does not embrace this primitive specimen without even horses. Friday brings a second adventure from the "Escapers' Club," presided over by Major Pat Reid. The subject matter guarantees some excitement. But the first episode was made to look too like scraps from the cutting-room floor of that excellent film, *The Colditz Story*.

SERIES of lively half-hour playlets seem an acceptable substitute for the B.B.C. Saturday serial. Elizabeth Allan's first six *Adventures of Annabel* are over, having efficiently balanced their half-hour length with the right weight of frivolity, and having disclosed in Margaret Tyzack a young actress of substantial personality. They are replaced this Saturday by *Tales From Soho*, written by Berkeley Mather, author of the previous Saturday series, "As I Was Saying," and produced by Tony Richardson, last year's bright spark for the Priestley series. The B.B.C. also offers Barry Letts's "Prompt Corner" on Wednesdays, bright enough but possibly too parochial, to Shaftesbury Avenue.

Series and serials apart, the week's brightest prospect seems to-morrow's *Immortal Swan*, produced by Patricia Foy, with Markova dancing in the distance, and Dilys Hamlett (who has been understudying Vivien Leigh at Stratford-on-Avon) playing in close-up as Pavlova. Saturday's ATV presents the too-seldom-seen Valerie Taylor and Joyce Carey in *No Escape*, by Rhys Davies.

—Freda Bruce Lockhart

## At the Pictures

BRUSHING UP A  
DUSTY COBWEB

THE murder of a rich and celebrated architect, Mr. Stanford White, by a crazy millionaire, Mr. Harry K. Thaw, at a roof-top restaurant in Madison Square Garden was the sensation of 1906. *The Girl in the Red Velvet Swing*, which tells, or purports to tell, the whole somewhat scandalous story, is unlikely to cause much of a buzz in 1956.

Science having advanced to the point where cobweb stockings can be produced from coal, it would not in the least surprise me if a silk purse were made from a sow's ear. It is still beyond the ingenuity of man, though, to convert a tale of adultery, insanity and murder into a dewy, nostalgic romance—which is just what Mr. Charles Brackett, producing, and Mr. Richard Fleischer, directing, have tried to do. And lamentably failed.

MISS JOAN COLLINS plays Evelyn Nesbit, the chorus-girl cause of all the trouble. She looks like a slightly adenoidal kitten and, so far as one can see, positively nothing goes on behind the fetching little mask. Yet we are to believe she profoundly loves Mr. White (Mr. Ray Milland), the married gentleman with whom she has an ardent affair before wedding the abominable Mr. Thaw (Mr. Farley Granger) and his forty million dollars.

Partly because of Miss Collins's inability to suggest any sort of profundity, partly because, when her ex-lover is murdered by her madly jealous husband, she besmirches the dead man's name with perjured evidence, I incline to the theory that her feelings had no greater depth than a half-filled champagne glass.

At the end of the story we find her at a music-hall in Atlantic City, rousing an all-male audience to frenzy by floating out over their heads in a red velvet swing: I suppose the dear, sweet, sensitive thing found this easier to bear than the thought of going into the dressmaking business with her mother—a tart and sensible woman, faultlessly played by Miss Glenda Farrell.

The décor is quite oppressively opulent, the consumption of "bubbly" prodigious, a glimpse of *Floradora* captivating, and the giggling girls in their Edwardian frills and flamboyant hats are as pretty as can be. Only there is not a single flicker of real emotion in the whole cumbrous production. (CinemaScope and De Luxe Colour.)

"THE PHENIX CITY STORY" purports to tell a true story, too—and, through its documentary approach to a grim subject, creates the impression of having done so.

Phenix City, Alabama, was, until little more than a year ago, one hell of a town. Vice was its business. Any decent citizen who dared to protest against the evil influence of the gambling-den bosses was liable to be bumped off for his pains; corrupt police and intimidated juries invariably protected the criminals. Verdicts of "accidental death" were returned, no matter what the evidence. By the time John Patterson (Mr. Richard Kiley), a soldier, returned to his home town, most of its honest men had decided either to hold their peace or to move away.

Patterson began a battle against the bosses. His family were threatened, his friend (Mr. Biff McGuire) and his father (Mr. John McIntire) murdered. He won his battle—but only, I grieve to say, by calling in the militia: this can scarcely be construed as a democratic victory. Phenix City is now, we are assured, a highly respectable, peaceful and progressive town.

The film, in which few of the players are well known, presents a compelling picture of a community struggling hopelessly against frustration and terror: it is very frightening. The X Certificate it carries is fully justified by a number of brutal beatings-up, and one hideous shot in which the broken body of a little Negro girl is thrown from a car on to Patterson's lawn, where his own two small children are playing.

EXQUISITE Mlle. Edwige Feuillère stars in *The Fruits of Summer*—an outrageously Gallic farce which only her elegance and wit could make acceptable. She plays a gay and beautiful woman who has been for some years separated from her dull husband



DANNY KAYE IN MEDIAEVAL ENGLAND is the subject of this inimitable comedian's new film, aptly named *The Court Jester*. It goes to the Plaza Theatre on February 9th, and the première, in aid of the West Indies Hurricane Relief Fund, will be attended by Princess Margaret. Danny Kaye is depicted here with Angela Lansbury, who plays opposite him in a story of knights in armour, lovely damsels in distress and noble heroes, which promises to be one of the most effective backgrounds ever chosen to display his apparently limitless talents.

(M. Henri Guisol)—who is something in the Ministry for the Control of Juvenile Delinquency. It is a blow to her to discover that their teen-age daughter (ravishing Mlle. Etchika Choureau) is pregnant: it would be an even greater blow to M. Guisol, if he ever found out.

The daughter must have the child and Mlle. Feuillère will pass it off as her own—but in order to do this convincingly she must re-establish marital relations with her husband. Nobody can be more irresistibly seductive than Mlle. Feuillère, so her ultimate conquest of the dreary fellow is a foregone conclusion: that he is able to withstand her blandishments for so long, through situations that grow increasingly delicate, is the one surprise.

An X Certificate warns you it is scarcely the film to which you could reasonably take Great Aunt Mabel with any prospect of improving your testamentary expectations. French dialogue—English subtitles.

—Elsbeth Grant





Twins Selina and Sophie Henderson as Henry V. and his Queen, Katharine of France

## FAIRY STORIES CAME TO

**N**O fewer than 300 children had a wonderful time at the party given by Miss Dorice Stainer for her pupils and their friends in aid of the Sunshine Homes for Blind Babies at the

P.C. 49 takes care of a shy Columbine. They are William Charles and Victoria Logue



Moira Cameron was enchanted by Snowy the rabbit belonging to entertainer Ernest Castro



*Line Napier-Rowlatt was a parlour-maid  
Nicholas Charrington a very French chef*



*Anne McCormick and Lorna Fleming were  
both in Early Victorian dresses at the party*



*Two prizewinners were Prudence Hesketh as a  
Spanish boy and Nicolette Muntz as a flower girl*

## FE AT CHILDREN'S PARTY

Hyde Park Hotel. Left : Nicolette Hanbury, daughter of Mrs. N. Hanbury, who won first prize in her costume, which was copied from a figure in a celebrated painting by Renoir

*Hilary Barker won the prize for the most original fancy dress as both Tweedle-Dum and Tweedle-Dee*



*Sonia Proudman and Lucas Van Praag were  
going off for an exciting ride in a silver coach*

*A. V. Swaete*



*A young pierrot gets advice from Percy Huxter, of the Bertram  
Mills Circus, who helped to entertain the children at the party*



Standing By

## TROUBLE IN THE CAGE

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

IN sheer good-nature, a chap in close touch tells us, the Milk Marketing Board has asked that battalion of Government scientists penned, Zoo-fashion, behind the high wire at Harwell, Berks, to find some way of sterilising milk by atomic rays. The idea is to give the boys a more healthy spare-time interest, he thinks.

Normally they have quite the wrong sort. Every time we pass this impressive concentration-camp on the main road to Oxford there's always one scientist who has got outside the wire by the main gates and is staring hungrily up the road; a 10-minute privilege exclusive to "trusties," apparently. Any other atomic type trying to get out is shot. Hence, having no contact with the big world, the Harwell boys naturally cherish the most fantastic ideas about the Island Race. Not long ago we caught a glimpse *en passant* of a small huddled group outside a distant laboratory, talking eagerly and gesticulating freely. A Whitehall nark tells us the boys were probably discussing the Race's women, a tantalising mystery, and quoted us a sample of their talk from the security dictaphone-records. E.g.:

"Surely they're not all the same sizes, Twidsworth?"

"No, no, Wolsby, some are much thicker, no doubt."

"But what are they for?"

"Carrying things, I believe, but most of their time is spent in singing and dancing most exquisitely. And their eyes, Fishcake! Their glorious eyes!"

"BREAK IT UP, THERE!"

### Footnote

THIS roar from inevitable guards lounging always within earshot, finger on trigger, may seem harsh, but obviously no morbid curiosity must be allowed to divert our atomic boys from their dedicated task. Sterilising milk will canalise all spare-time

libidos, so to speak, and the MMB hopes, before the universe is blown to smithereens, to get the boys interested in designing an atomic cow.

### Fore

SINCE an expert lately discussing Open Championship prospects for 1956 didn't mention it, and there is no word as yet from Mr. Bernard Darwin, we take it that St. Andrews (traditionally a conservative body) is still debating a decision of considerable interest to the British golfing world.

Doubtless official sanction will be signified before long, and the rules altered accordingly; we guess to Mr. Darwin's relief, since the position at the moment involves two or three drawbacks at which every recognised authority on the game must be looking askance. Any good golfer suddenly deprived of his regular dosage—we're referring to the growing popularity in progressive golfing circles of the drug called marihuana, which makes the ball look the size of a balloon, a new, delicious, and stimulating challenge to every true sportsman—is apt to omit the replacing of divots, also to become unexpectedly locked in a howling death-grapple with some enemy, seen or unseen. And mayhem or homicide on the green tends of course to militate against first-class putting. The problem of supply is therefore vital.

You say that during the recent MCC experiments there was good hitting but several women admirers were imperilled by batsmen running amuck? This is unfortunately inevitable, and we deplore it. And you? *What?* Really? Oh, but you English!

### Auntie

HAD we but known that the late Ely Culbertson possessed the kindest of hearts, as some of the obituaries mentioned, we'd have long since got over the

neuroses set up by those powerful eyes fixing us (it seemed) accusingly from the five-colour jacket of a bridge manual given us some time ago by a friend, so called. Maybe we'd even have read it.

What effect a big boy's imperious features may have on the nervous and weakminded doesn't seem to occur to the publicity racket (not to speak of those anonymous *faux-bonhomme* pans which order Mr. Average Consumer to inhale Zippo or soak his ears in Gloop). However, we'd like to testify that we're now on pretty easy terms with King C. Gillette, whose cool, urbane, quizzical, Edwardian gaze used to sum us up from the blade-pocket at 8 a.m. rather disparagingly, we thought, as being obviously one Not Likely To Make a Million Berries This (Or Any Other) Year. We got over this depression by concentrating on an imaginary character named Aunt Melody Gillette, possibly from the Louisa M. Alcott country.

### Diminuendo

DAILY breakfast-table opening gambits by Aunt Melody Gillette, beginning in President Rutherford Hayes' second year:

1878-1901: "My, King C., your face is smooth!" (Alternatively: "Glory sakes, King C., you certainly know how to shave!")

1901 (Sept.)-1903: "Well, I guess shooting up President McKinley hasn't got anybody anywhere."

1904-9: "'Big Stick' policy or no 'Big Stick' policy, I reckon we can call President Roosevelt a real hundred-per-cent American."

By about 1902 King C. Gillette would probably have to say "Hey, Auntie, lookit!" and tap his face, if he wanted Aunt Melody to notice it.

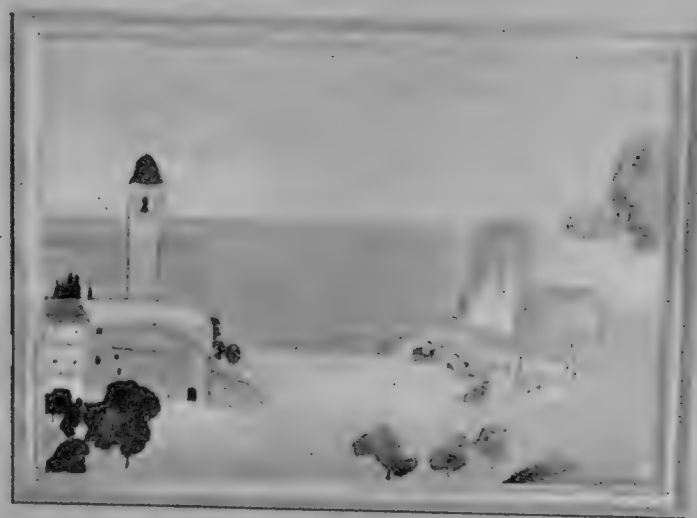
But by then, maybe, it meant no more to Auntie than a hardboiled egg.

If Aunt Melody could do it...



~~~~~BRIGGS . . . by Graham~~~~~





Baron

## *A young artist paints landscapes of the mind*

**G**AEL MAYO, a young Australian artist of Scottish descent, is holding her first exhibition in London, which opened at the Jeffress Gallery, Davies Street, yesterday. She took up painting seriously only a year ago when she used oils for the first time.

Her subjects are often imaginary but she also paints from memory in her studio, and hates to work out of doors. She has had a novel published in America, called "Honeymoon In Hell," written when she was only eighteen. Miss Mayo now lives in Paris



## Book Reviews

## THE PRINCE OF DOGDOM

Elizabeth Bowen


**T**HE dog has got more fun out of Man than Man has got out of the dog, for the clearly demonstrable reason that Man is the more laughable of the two animals." Who said this—Dr. Johnson? No; James Thurber, whose *THURBER'S DOGS* (Hamish Hamilton; 12s. 6d.) is the ultimate and comprehensive dog book. "There have been more dogs" (we learn from the jacket) "written and drawn, real and imaginary, in the life of James Thurber than he had guessed, until, with the aid of a couple of literary dog-catchers, he started to assemble this collection. When they whistled, dogs began appearing from everywhere.

This sounds not unlike the predicament of Aunt Mary, of "Canines in the Cellar," but that dogs gushed at *her* through one door, in a non-stop stream. And, *her* counter-attack was swift and terrible: she grabbed at and laid around with a broom. "Aunt Mary whammed her way from room to room, driving dogs ahead of her." Mr. Thurber's pets and dream-progeny are permitted to stay: they at once cram and glorify these pages.


**H**ERE are the great dog-written pieces, the dog drawings from which the master has built up a canine Valhalla. The volume does not contain every Thurber prose piece in which dogs figure: had it done so, the author decided, it would have been found too heavy to lift. Be reassured, however: the pick is here!

Let me withdraw one error from my vocabulary—*no* Thurber-owned canine was ever a "pet." The relationship was always character-testing, tricky, and quite often austere. Boyhood in Columbus, Ohio, was rendered fearful by Muggs, an Airedale, "the dog that bit people"—this brute was, in fact, the import of a Thurber brother. Unforgotten Rex, another Columbus friend, died of battle wounds forty years ago: to the end he never laid off fighting—he was an American bull terrier. Later in time, of the same breed but gentler sex, comes Josephine, whose high-strung adolescence should gain her a star place in modern fiction—she shrank, sniffed, gloomed, uttered long pessimistic sighs.

**J**EANNIE, a Scotty, never relaxed—"even in repose she had the strained uncomfortable appearance of a woman on a bicycle." Neither was she a home-girl; she didn't settle. Two she French poodles, Medve then Christabel, had, however, glamour enough for twenty—Medve, though a professional show dog (she once went Best of Breed at the Westminster Show), detested public appearances and was happiest living in the country: maternity was really her thing. Her "posture of repose and thoughtful eyes gave her the appearance of a reflective intellectual, absorbed by the mysterious



A GREAT DANCER IN HER PRIME: This portrait of Pavlova, by Savely Sorin, is reproduced in *Pavlova*, a biography edited by A. H. Franks (Burke; 12s. 6d.); a tribute by many friends and personal colleagues to an imperishable memory



"OYSTERCATCHERS" (above) is one of the numerous beautiful reproductions of the author's work in *Bird Life and the Painter*, by R. B. Talbot (Studio; 30s.). Below: A sketch from Henry Clifford, V.C.: his *Letters and Sketches from the Crimea* (Michael Joseph; 42s.), a fascinating record of the campaign by a brave and talented man





VASE DECORATION, from *The Rise and Fall of the Maya Civilisation*, by J. Eric S. Thompson (Gollancz; 21s.), an engrossing study of this remote Central American culture

clockwork ticking behind the outward show of mundane phenomena." Christabel, in old age, has taken on a touch of Dower Duchess, but slips up unsafely on the linoleum.

Other people's dogs are well represented—in "The Departure of Emma Inch" we meet the cook's snoring soul-mate, Feely, who steadily refused to put paw to ground. Dogs who made the news are headed by mastiff Blaze, of the weighty crate, whose V.I.P. priority for air travel set up a four-weeks wartime hullabaloo; Sunnybank Jean, whose collision with a fan's motor-car ruined a life-illusion for one small boy, and the so poorly-rewarded Patient Bloodhound—"the paths of duty, alas, may get you Nowhere." . . . Mr. Thurber, I need not tell you, is the bloodhound expert, and all-out sympathiser with this tribe. The tribute beginning on page 219 makes most noble reading—and here, too, is one source of the Thurber art.

**B**LOODHOUNDS have been going into Thurber drawings for twenty-five years. "The hound I draw," Mr. Thurber says, "has a fairly accurate pendulous ear, but his dot of an eye is vastly oversimplified, he doesn't have enough transverse puckers, and he is all wrong in the occipital region. He may not be as keen as a genuine bloodhound, but his heart is just as gentle; he does not want to hurt anybody or anything. . . ." This unhopeful veteran, stalking bugs, outwitted by rodents, sitting in on the war between men and women, becomes a dominant symbol of our century: fitly, his outline punctuates *Thurber's Dogs*. The drawings in this volume speak more than volumes. Enjoy them—laugh if you dare!

★ ★ ★  
**G.** B. STERN's new novel, *FOR ALL WE KNOW* (Collins; 13s. 6d.), opens with a scene about Christmas cards—oh, the risks we run when we're flippant! But this chapter, engaging though it may be, serves as little more than an introduction to the book's main characters (not at first on stage) and Miss Stern's real and well-found subject. Here is an illustration, in fiction form, of the tendency of some families to produce celebrities.

But how must it feel—some of us may have wondered—to be a *dim* offshoot of some illustrious line? Is one put on one's mettle, seeking to find *some* field in which oneself, like one's relatives, may succeed in shining? Or does one bed down for life with an inferiority complex, and give up? Exactly this question interests Miss Stern—whose heroine, Gillian Aylesford, belongs to the "failure branch" of a go-ahead family.

The descendants of the original Edwin Aylesford include two West End actors (one idolised; one, when the story opens, due to retire); a dashing female novelist who, too, figures as one of England's best-dressed



PROFESSOR GILBERT MURRAY, O.M., looks back at the age of ninety, which he attained on January 2nd, on a life that has achieved not only translations of the Greek dramatists which are celebrated throughout the English-speaking world, but one dedicated to liberalism and rationalism. This drawing of him is by H. Andrew Freeth

women; a celebrated hostess, who, if anything, gains by a long-ago, highly romantic scandal, and is headed for radio and television; and a prankish schoolboy, shaping up to become a leading Hollywood star. These, with the exception of ageing Philip, are the brood of Josphine Aylesford, who had married a Sir Bartholomew Jessamy. Philip Aylesford's progeny are outclassed, from the start, by his sister Josephine's.

Gillian is Philip's grand-daughter. She grows up at the edge of the limelight cast on her famous relatives. We first meet her as a clever, uneasy schoolgirl—gripped, all of a sudden, by the idea of writing the Aylesford family history. Sympathy draws her, from the first, to her cousin Rendal—the scintillating Bettina's ungifted son. Rendal, poor little boy, had at eleven attempted to swim the Channel (unofficially taking off from Weymouth) in order to set up a record of his own.

Like Rendal, Gillian just never makes it. But she is an egotist, he is not: they react to their frustration in different ways, and the relationship between them is soundly and admirably drawn. So are Gillian's dealings with Bettina, a *prima donna* by natural right. The psychological crisis, of course, comes when Gillian settles to work on her Aylesford book. This, given her tribe's publicity-value, *has*, she knows, all the makings of a best-seller. Internal truth, she discovers, is not so simple. . . .

**F**OR ALL WE KNOW brims over, like all Miss Stern's work, with vitality, and good humour. Family drama, her time-honoured terrain, has, this time, added to it success interest—she handles her grandees without cynicism, and her "failures" with infinite perspicacity. Also, she tells what could be a complex story with a clearness for which we thank her still more.





*Lt.-Col' Charles La T. Leatham (centre), C.O. the 1st Bn. Welsh Guards, Mrs. Giles A. Allan and Capt. Allan*



*Mrs. Young, Lt.-Col. H. L. S. Young, D.S.O., C.O. 1st Bn. Irish Guards, and Lt.-Col. A. B. Dick, R.A.M.C.*

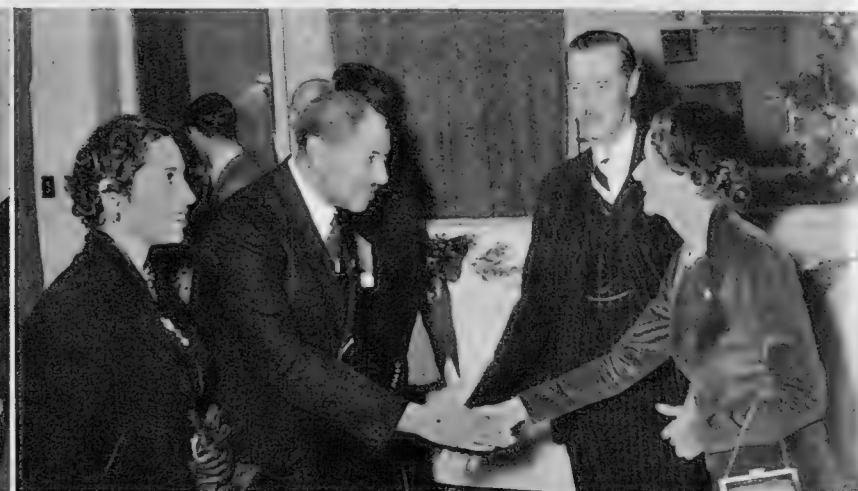


*Mrs. Digby, Brig. F. L. Saunders, O.B.E., Deputy Director of Supply and Transport, and Mrs. Jane Stubbs*

## THE ARMY IN EGYPT'S LAST PARTY

THE UNITED SERVICES CLUB, Ismailia, saw the last major social function to be given by the British Army in Egypt when Lt.-Gen. R. A. Hull, C.B., D.S.O., and the Staff Officers of the H.Q., held a Christmas cocktail party. Left : The Corps of Drums of the 1st Bn. Welsh Guards march past the guests in slow time

*Lt.-Gen. and Mrs. Richard A. Hull (right) greet Air-Cdre. Hashad, of the Egyptian Air Force, and Mme. Hashad*



*Mrs. R. H. Barry, whose husband, Brig. Barry, is Chief of Staff, with Lt.-Col. and Mrs. J. D. Sturrock*



*Mrs. Hull greets Gen. Ali-Ali Amer, General Officer Commanding, Eastern Command, the Egyptian Army*

## Motoring

## SPEED LIMIT NONSENSE

Oliver Stewart

**L**ORD HOWE deserves the thanks of all motorists for the clear and forceful manner in which he puts their case in the House of Lords. There seems now to be a chance that Government action will at last be taken to deal with a subject Lord Howe raised not many weeks ago. This is the speeds and the speed limits of commercial vehicles. It is a matter of common observation that these two are not related to one another.

Not long ago I put this rhetorical question to the police: What action is taken when a motorist is forced to drive at 50 m.p.h. in a 30 m.p.h. speed limit in order to overtake a lorry doing 40 m.p.h. and bearing a plate showing the figure 20 on the back? The fact is that the police take almost no action against the drivers of commercial vehicles for disregarding speed limits, but they do take action against private motorists for the same offence.

Lord Howe referred to the official figures on the disregard of speed limits by commercial vehicle drivers. Heaven forbid that any motorist should ask for more police action. There is much too much of it already. But it is right to ask for *fairness* in police action. When a motorist faces some trivial, trumped-up charge for obstruction or exceeding a speed limit, he is sometimes told unofficially by a police officer that the police do not want to bring these silly charges but that they have no choice and must enforce the law. It will be seen from what happens with commercial vehicles that this statement is untrue.

The body of law is now so vast that it is probably true to say that everybody breaks some law or other every day. The police

choose which laws they will try to enforce. They, and not the courts, are to this extent the arbiters of conduct. The flouting of commercial vehicle speed limits does a kind of inverted national service by making this point clear to all.

**M**ONTE CARLO is not the only name that carries with it a reminder of the effects of snow and ice. It may be useful to emphasize the fact that some of the best non-skid road surfaces, in both dry and wet weather, can be converted by certain forms of frost into skating rinks. The danger is the greater in that the eye is not always able to distinguish what has happened. It seems that the roughened surface holds a certain amount of moisture even in dry weather. A sharp frost converts this into ice which is "proud" of the rest of the surface. Hence tyre adhesion falls.

Driving along the Purley Way a few days ago I received my first warning that adhesion

had gone by observing a multiple crash involving six different vehicles. In the short stretch alongside Croydon Aerodrome there were three other crashes, each one involving three vehicles or more. Mercifully, fog had kept speeds down, and I doubt whether anybody was seriously hurt. But the lesson was plain enough. There are surfaces which give no warning to the eye of icing, and it is possible, therefore, to move on to them at speed.

**O**NE more wintry point deserves mention. Car equipment can do much to ease the difficulty and the unpleasantness of driving in bad winter weather. Powerful and trustworthy windscreen-wipers are as valuable in fog as in snow and rain. Effective



THE PRESTWICK PIONEER, the first aircraft to land at the 6300-ft. altitude of Simla, in India, on New Year's Day. The landing was made on the racecourse. The above photograph includes Col. Sunderam, the Lieutenant-Governor of Himachel Pradesh; Mr. Bajrang Bahadur Singh, and Lt.-Gen. Kalwant Singh and his wife

de-misting and de-frosting is equally important.

It is a sensible move of the Daimler Company to make a special point of winter equipment in the new Mk. 2 Conquest and Century saloons. These Mk. 2 models have adjustable spread-beam fog lamps and penetrating beam lamps. The new heating, ventilating and de-misting system receives fresh air through the grilles at the front of the car and has a triple control. One lever deals with the de-mist and de-frost arrangement, another with the temperature control of the interior ventilation, and there is a switch for the blower.

The new Mk. 2 Conquest saloon now costs £1156. The purchase tax is £579 7s. The Mk. 2 Century saloon costs £1264 and the purchase tax is £633 7s.

**I**MPROVED service is recognized both as a means of increasing sales and of holding car owners to the same maker. The new Standard Motor Company's plan for Standard and Triumph cars is well designed. All new car owners from January 1st receive a book of vouchers. The vouchers entitle the owner to routine service checks at the official dealers for a fixed rate. The charges range from 9s. to £4 10s., and cover checking the main oil levels and lubricating chassis points to comprehensive adjustments. I believe it is intended eventually to extend this scheme to embrace overseas markets.

The vouchers in the Standard and Triumph book indicate the mileages at which the maintenance work should be done. There is a free delivery check which covers fifteen points and there is 500 miles free service. Subsequent service checks are specified every 1000 miles and at 12,000 miles a fresh book of vouchers can be obtained.

**T**HE activities of Stirling Moss are always news, and consequently his plans are the subject of much speculation. It is certain, however, that although negotiations took place, Moss will not be driving Jaguar cars this year. He could not be engaged as No. 1 driver, for that post is rightly and deservedly held by Mike Hawthorn. Hawthorn was awarded the John Cobb Memorial Trophy for the most meritorious performance by a British driver with a British car. His victories included Le Mans and the Sebring 12-hour race. It will be recalled that he set a remarkable lap record on the Dundrod circuit in the Tourist Trophy, although last-minute events prevented him from being placed.



THE ALL-BRITISH LAYCOCK-DE NORMANVILLE OVERDRIVE has, under tests in five widely different types of cars, been proved to make a 16 per cent. petrol saving. Above: Mr. Webb and Mr. Stribling, R.A.C. observers, top-up the test tank after the "over-drive-out" run of the Triumph T.R.3





# FABLE OF THE MINK AND THE CHAMELEON

Above, Artine Blundell, of Mount Street, makes this Paris-designed coat of Canadian ranch mink. The clever working of shoulders into sleeves should be noticed

Left, Maxwell Crofts of Regent Street make this ranch mink coat with the slender outline, huge cuffs and small collar that distinguish the best coats of this season

Right, A short coat by Marcel of Bond Street, made in "Emba" Royal Pastel mink, has a tuxedo front worked into pockets and wide, buttoned cuffs to the sleeves



**M**INK turns up nowadays in so many shades and colours that its wild forbears could never recognize their astonishing black, white and blue progeny. Common to all colours, however, is the extraordinary strength and hard-wearing qualities of this fur, allied to a softness and suppleness to be found elsewhere perhaps only amongst the sables, animals that have so far resisted all attempts to make them imitate the chameleon and change the colour of their coats. Whilst remaining very expensive, mink recommends itself to more and more women as a real investment because of the way it combines luxury with remarkably hard wear



*Above:*

a lovely bolero jacket, by Molho of Brook Street, made of sapphire mink worked in a horizontal direction

*Left:*

a short jacket by S. London of Sloane Street combines black and white mink. Whilst white minks are now born that colour, black mink still has to be obtained by dyeing

*Right:*

an evening coat of classic simplicity made of white mink with horizontally worked sleeves ending in very wide turnback cuffs. By Deanfield Furs, Grafton Street







Drawings by  
Hartland

# Underlining Outline!

***B**EFORE you are tempted to buy new clothes in February for the spring, make sure that you have done your best to offer them the foundation of a smooth, trim figure that goes in and out in the right places. Here are some of the newest girdles, corselettes and brassières from the spring season ranges. Nightgown and dressing gown are added to help decorate the page—MARIEL DEANS*

**1 SILHOUETTE.** This corselette has cups and front panels of embroidered nylon marcasite and a new long back piece in satin lastex. The plush bindings are elasticized. It will be obtainable from D. H. Evans at the end of January

**2 ESTRAVA.** A crisp-looking housecoat of blue and white flowered and striped cotton, which makes features of a very full flounced skirt and short cuffed sleeves

**3 BERLEI.** A sarong-controlette made of nylon voile, star-spangled nylon net side panels and a satin downstretch back. Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street

# Your



**4 YOUTH-LINES.** A girdle with fine elastic web sides and back. The front panel of nylon lace has lattice work ribbon reinforcement. The bra also has fine elastic web back. The nylon cups have the lower section reinforced

**5 CAPRICE.** Imported cotton net elastic exclusive to this firm is used for the lightweight girdle. The rigid front panel, in nylon lace to match the bra, is lined with marcasite. The back is reinforced with muscle control bands. The frill topped décolleté bra in nylon lace lined with marcasite has double shoulder straps for greater comfort, aids bust support with velvet cushioned wire. In the shops at the end of January

**6 AU FAIT.** "Promisette," American designed girdle, is a pull-on design with a high waist control and biabands to pull in the waist and hips, front and back panels of satin downstretch elastic and sides of elasticized nylon net. The bra in nylon lace lined with marcasite has shoulder straps set wide for décolleté necklines. Both these models will be in the shops by the end of February

**7 KAYSER BONDOR.** "Flamenco." A nightgown and matching slippers made of coral coloured nylon jersey with flounce and frills of coral and white. Principal stores from the middle of January





## CHOICE FOR THE WEEK

by Mariel Deans

The frock is in duck-egg blue and is of fine worsted crêpe. Particularly easy to get in and out of, it buttons all the way down the front. It costs 18½ gns. and comes from the Model Gown department at Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, which shop also sells the hat and fur stole





John French

## THE LOVELINESS OF A DRAPED NECKLINE

THE very lovely draped neckline of this pretty afternoon frock by Henri Gowns is the result of elaborate cutting and seaming. This style of neckline is always becoming and never more so than to those who wish to give a lengthening impression to the neck itself. We chose the clever little hat (above) of violet blue silk jersey worked into points and softened with a veil as the perfect partner for the dress. It costs 9 gns. and can be had in a number of colours. This straight stole (right) of natural blue fox looks wonderful with the crêpe dress and would be endlessly useful to wear with suits, afternoon dresses or evening gowns. It costs 49 gns.







Above, Rayon taffeta talcum bag with matching puff, £1 9s. 6d. Debenham and Freebody. Make-up cape and matching cotton-wool holder (refill 2s. 3d.) chintz covered, 17s. 6d. each. Woollands

Below, Worth's mammoth soap 12s. Hand-painted soap and toothbrush containers, 5s. 10d. each. Woollands. Heart-shaped sponge with zip (to use soap oddments) 6s. 6d. Fortnum and Mason. "Spontex" sponge, 5s. 10d., from chemists and stores

## New interest for the bathroom

*N*OW we present some lovely and original accessories for the bath. They are useful and good to look at, with gay novelty touches

—JEAN CLELAND



An attractive basket of novelty soap "strawberries," Harrods, 5s. 9d.



Jar for bath salts decorated with fishes, price 15s. 6d. Gay Terry Towel "Handies," 10s. 6d. a box, or separately at 2s. each. Harrods

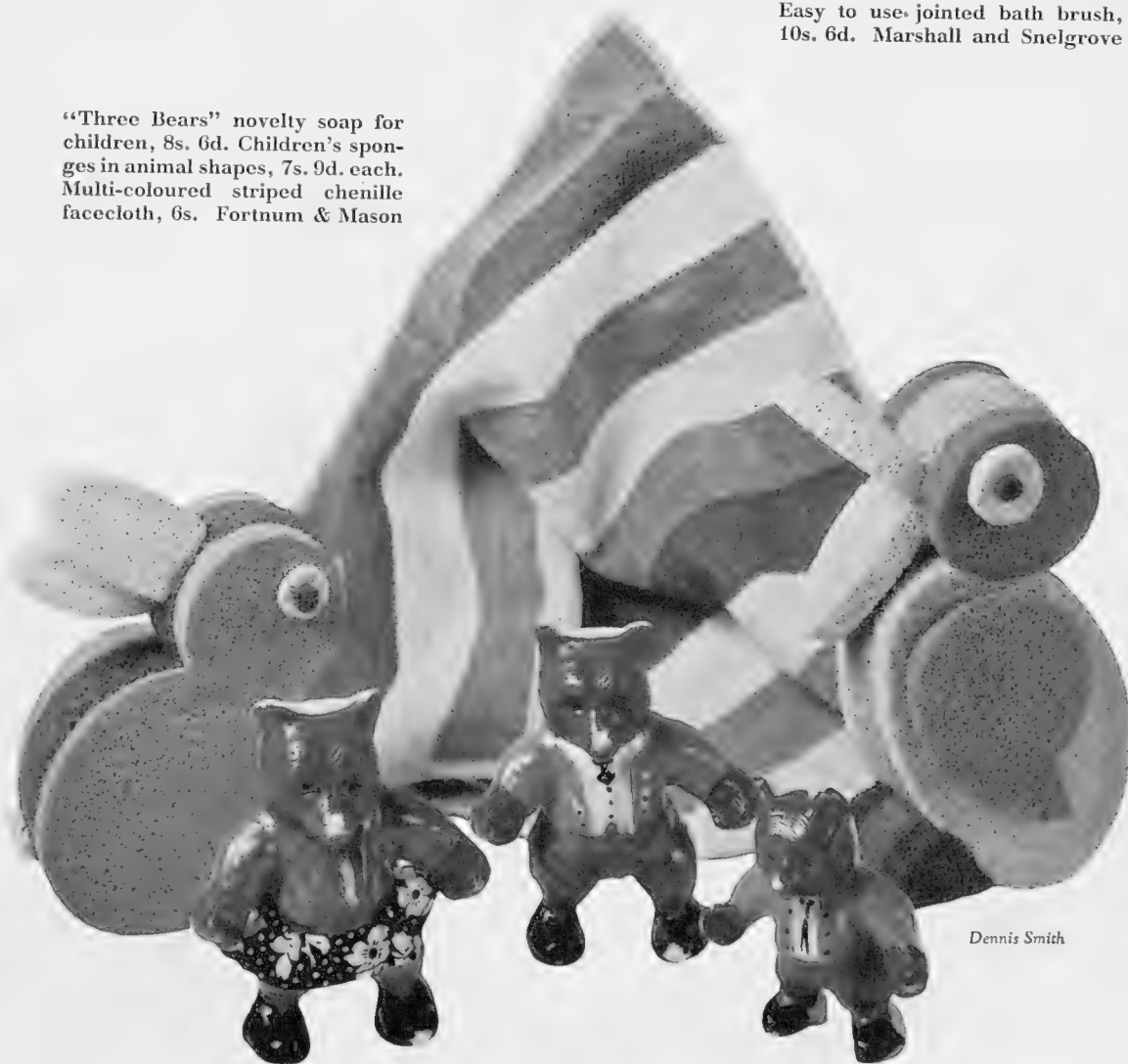


Quilted chintz toilet bag, with slippers to match, £2 19s. 6d. Easy to use, jointed bath brush, 10s. 6d. Marshall and Snelgrove

"Three Bears" novelty soap for children, 8s. 6d. Children's sponges in animal shapes, 7s. 9d. each. Multi-coloured striped chenille facecloth, 6s. Fortnum & Mason



Realistic "tennis balls" in fine quality soap; three in plastic container. Woollands, 9s.



Dennis Smith



The heart-shaped cotton-wool container to hang on the dressing-table is handmade in satin in peach blue, or white and pink. It costs 19s. 6d. Hand painted travelling powder boxes which will not spill, with inner lid for puff, 12s. 11d. each. Large glass powder bowl, £2 19s. 6d. Debenhams & Freebody stock them all



Beauty

by

Jean Cleland

## Waterway to well-being

**A** GLANCE at the previous shopping pages gives some idea of the luxuries which, now available in a wide variety, add joy to the bath.

In these days the bath is a ritual, in which pleasures and benefits go hand in hand; a welcome reversal of the all too frequent maxim that the things which are good for us are not always the things we most enjoy. A sober truth brought home to us in early youth by way of porridge, tapioca and rice pudding.

A bath has many aspects which make it an all-embracing means to health, beauty, relaxation and sweet refreshment. Let us consider some of them. As a prevention against catching cold, few things are better than a rub down after the bath, to stimulate the circulation.

For this, eau-de-Cologne is splendid, since it closes the pores, invigorates the body, and helps to put it in a fine glow. The best way to use it is sprinkled on a rough loofah, or on to a bath brush, such as the one illustrated on page 115.

It also provides an excellent way of preventing chilblains if rubbed well all over and under the feet and in between the toes each time after bathing. A daily foot treatment such as this has the double advantage of conditioning the skin against chafing, and is a well-worth while procedure for those who do a lot of walking, or whose activities entail them being on their feet a great deal during the day.

Another good treatment of benefit to most of us has to do with the little hard callouses which form on the balls underneath the feet. This, too, can be done in the bath. If these are very hard and pronounced, they should be dealt with first of all by a good chiropodist. After that, they can be kept down by rubbing gently two or three times a week with pumice stone while the skin is soft from soaking in the bath.

**R**HEUMATICKY pains can be greatly relieved by way of the bath if the right things are used. A variety of excellent salts can be had from the chemists, such as Luma, Pine, Reudel, etc., to mention only a few, and there is no doubt that these are of great benefit. By drawing out acids, they take the stiffness from the joints, and ease pain.

A preparation which acts as a home spa for rheumatism, and helps you to slim at the same time, is Maria Hornès's "Celavita." All you have to do is to tip in the stated amount, lie and relax in the hot water (which has turned to an attractive blue colour) and remain for as long as the

directions tell you, which is—as far as I can remember—for about a quarter of an hour.

Something else which is very effective both for slimming and relieving rheumatism is the foam bath. This can be had at a salon or, if preferred, it can be given in your own home. Some expert masseuses have their own apparatus for doing this. They then follow the bath with massage, which makes it of even greater benefit. Some people prefer the wax bath, which is yet another combined method for dealing with rheumatism and slimming, and although this is done on "dry land" as it were, it must, I feel, be included in an article of this kind.

Quite a number of beauty treatments can be done in the bath. I have mentioned some in the past, but let me suggest two new ones. *Elbows* that are inclined to become rough and discoloured (maybe through leaning on them) can be greatly improved while having a bath. Scrub them well, round and round, with a bland soap, then massage in a little cream. As the cream melts and floats off in the warm water give them a second scrubbing, and then cream them once again.



**O**NE of the best ways of correcting dry nails and preventing further dryness is to soak the finger tips in warm oil. There is no finer time for doing this than while in a bath, when the fingers are warm and soft. If you want to save time you can easily do your warm oil finger treatment whilst lying in the water by having a little bowl of oil on the side of the bath.

For softening the skin all over the body there are some lovely bath oils available. These not only scent the water most delightfully, but make the skin feel like silk,

and are of great value to those who suffer from extreme dryness. Yardley's and Coty's both make bath oils.

For relaxation coupled with sweet refreshment there is nothing to compare with a warm, scented bath. You can have all the soft breezes of spring, or the warmer scents of summer, brought right into your bathroom, with violets, lilac, honeysuckle, jasmine, rose or carnation. Or you can be more sophisticated with the exquisite subtle scents created by the perfumiers.

For sheer luxury, do not forget the lovely skin perfumes which give a pervading fragrance that clings not only to the body, but to the individual personality. Here are a couple of outstanding ones; Helena Rubinstein's "Green Velvet" skin perfume, which comes in a plastic spray bottle, or a "twaised" glass bottle, and Coty's "Creamy Skin Perfume."

Let us toast the "Order of the Bath." Good night Ladies.



Eric Coop

Miss Deirdre Kathleen Kelly, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Kelly, of Egerton Gardens, London, S.W.3, is engaged to marry Mr. Brian Austin Hill, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Austin Hill, of Nightingale Road, Rickmansworth, Herts

## THEY ARE ENGAGED

Miss Susan Mary Babington, elder daughter of Canon and Mrs. R. H. Babington, of St. Mary-le-Tower Vicarage, Ipswich, is engaged to the Rev. David Arthur Whitaker, second son of Maj.-Gen. Sir John Whitaker, Bt., C.B., C.B.E., and the late Lady Whitaker, of Babworth Hall, Retford, Notts



Vandyk



Lenare

Miss Joanna Calverley, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Calverley, of Woodstock, Littleworth Road, Esher, is to marry Mr. W. A. G. Muir, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. I. Muir, of Auchenfroe, Cardross, Dunbartonshire, Scotland

Miss Moira Priscilla Coote Kaye, only daughter of Major and Mrs. R. L. D. Kaye, of Queniborough Old Hall, Leicester, is to marry Capt. Tony Peter Wootton, 16th/5th The Queen's Royal Lancers, only son of Capt. and Mrs. W. T. Wootton, of Thornhill, Holt, Wimborne, Dorset



Fayer

## Helena Rubinstein tells her own personal beauty story!



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Here's what Madame Rubinstein advises. Mould Hormone Night Cream into your face and neck, each evening before you go to bed. It will give your skin the help it needs, replenishing stolen oils and moisture while you sleep. Wake your skin tissues with Hormone Day Cream every morning. These rich emollient creams feed the skin tissues, penetrating deep into the pores. Twin Youthifying Hormone Creams (Day and Night) 76/-.

● FOR DOUBLE CARE—use the creams on your face and specially refined Estrogenic Oil (29/-) on your throat, where it is particularly effective for crêpiness and extreme dryness. And in the morning, spread a few drops of Estrogenic Oil on your face and throat before make-up. It literally vanishes into the skin, leaving no trace of oiliness. Both the oil and the creams give your skin the help it needs, replenishing stolen oils and moisture, bringing a dewy freshness to your complexion. If in doubt, visit our London Salon. Or ask our trained consultants at your favourite store. Helena Rubinstein, 3 Grafton Street, London, W.1. Paris. New York.

## Helena Rubinstein

L O N D O N   P A R I S   N E W   Y O R K



## DINING IN

### The art of cooking rice

IN writing of curries last week, I barely touched on the cooking of rice. As it is one of our basic standbys in the store cupboard, I would like to devote this week's notes to it.

Use Patna or Basmati rice for curries and other savoury dishes. Both are so well behaved that it is not easy to spoil them, but arriving on the table at perfection is another matter.

For curries, each grain of rice must be separate and firm through, but without a hard core. The old method of rubbing a grain or two between the finger and thumb was not a very good test for readiness because, by the time the grain could be rubbed smooth, the rice was probably overcooked.

The way of cooking rice given to me by the chief instructor of cooks for the mercantile marine plying between here and the Far East has proved, over the years, to be the best—for me, at any rate.

HE first washed the rice thoroughly in cold water, rubbing the grains between his fingers (as I have also seen Chinese cooks do when preparing rice). He then rinsed it well and covered it with cold water to the depth of two to three fingers, adding salt to his liking. The rice was then brought to the boil and gently simmered for 10 minutes, and then a grain or so was taken out and bitten through. If a hard kernel remained in the centre, the rice was given a minute or two longer, then well washed in boiling water.

His argument was that there was no point in washing the rice with cold water and then reheating it, a method most authorities give. I would do as I wish about this but, if the rice is to be washed in cold water and then reheated, do cook it just a shade longer. Again, be sure not to overcook.

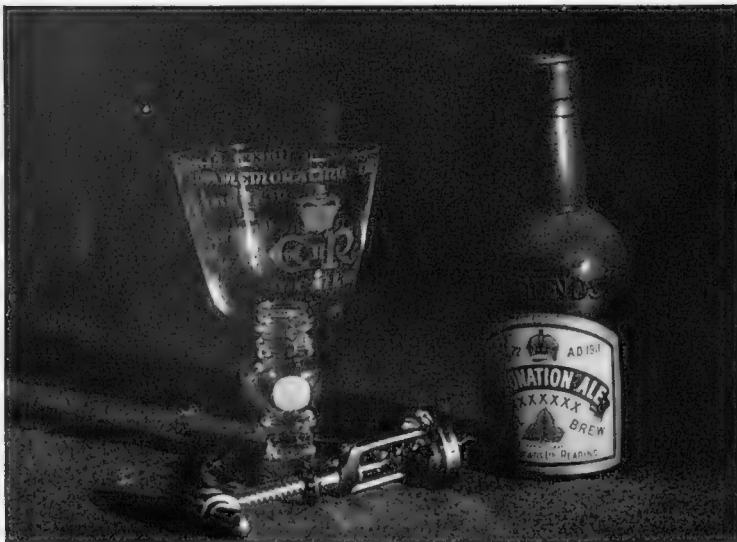
THE Chinese have a number of ways of cooking rice, and here is one that a Chinese friend herself perfected and gave to me. It is ideal for Chinese dishes. Wash a cup of Patna rice as given above, allowing the cold water to run into and overflow the bowl until the water is perfectly clear. Turn it into a pudding basin with  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups of cold water and stand it in a large pan, with boiling water reaching well up the basin but not high enough to bubble into the rice. Cover it with the pan lid and leave it for 45 minutes. Each grain will then be dry and separate. If necessary it can be re-steamed, when it will appear freshly cooked. It is also ideal for Chinese fried rice.

For 3 cups of cooked rice, heat 2 tablespoons of teased or peanut (arachide) oil in a large frying-pan. Fry a chopped onion in it until a golden colour, then add the cold rice, a little minced cooked ham and, say, several chopped shrimps. Brown all together and season to taste. Finally, stir in 2 beaten eggs and cook them in the mixture.

FOR risottos, rice is cooked in another way. An Italian friend, an excellent cook, makes risotto very simply. First, she buys what, in her opinion, is the best rice for the purpose—Italian *vialone*. For a good breakfastcup of uncooked rice, she lightly fries a chopped small onion in an ounce or so of butter. She washes and dries the rice (knowing full well that it is not quite the "thing" to do, but she wants to have it very clean). She then gently fries the rice in the butter, adding, if she has it, a very little beef marrow or chicken fat, stirring it until it is a creamy tone. Next, she adds a good breakfastcup of chicken stock and two tablespoons of dry white wine. As the rice absorbs the liquid, she adds up to another cup of stock and stirs the mixture until the rice is cooked (about 20 minutes). Meanwhile, she has half a small envelope of saffron soaking in a tablespoon of stock. She stirs this into the rice together with a good lump of butter and grated Parmesan to taste.

Finally, she covers the rice and lets it rest for a few minutes away from the heat, claiming that this is the secret of a good creamy risotto. She also says that it is difficult to use too much butter. At table, more butter and Parmesan are passed separately.

—Helen Burke



The goblet and ale commemorating two Coronations, referred to by Isaac Bickerstaff in the adjoining article

John Prestwich



Ivon de Wynter

GEORGE STONE OF THE MOULIN D'OR, in Romilly Street, took it over from his mother, who had been running it for nearly fifty years. He began in Paris in the restaurant business at the Hotel Meurice, and from there went to New York and the Waldorf-Astoria, and afterwards to Boston to open the Copley-Plaza

## DINING OUT

### A tale of strong ales

THE opening of the New Year has once again been attended by the usual festivities and invitations to "look in and have one," which arrived from all directions. Two of these I accepted as they came from old friends and were unusual.

The first was from Edward Prestwich, high-powered industrialist, to his home at Highgate. The message was to "come and have a very rare drink out of a very beautiful goblet," a challenge not to be refused. The very rare drink turned out to be a bottle of Coronation Ale of no less than 7X in strength brewed by Simonds of Reading on July 22, 1911, by their head brewer, Mr. Stocker, for the Coronation of King George V. The goblet was a beautiful affair made by Stevens & Williams, Ltd., Brierley Hill Glass Works, Staffordshire, in 1953 for the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth II, and has a specially minted Coronation sixpence in the stem.

The contents when poured out had certainly retained a great deal of their alcoholic strength, but let no one imagine that laying down beer for this length of time is a good thing.

MY second invitation came from George Short to visit his excellent inn, the Onslow Arms at West Clandon near Ripley in Surrey, to drink "mulled Audit Ale out of a tankard bearing some very famous autographs." The mulled ale was Audit Ale brewed at the present day by the Friary Brewery at Guildford, a strong and excellent beer at any time, which had been pepped up on this occasion with various spices and, I strongly suspect, laced with rum. The tankard was pewter with a glass bottom and held a pint.

As for the signatures on it, "famous" was indeed the correct word: Winston S. Churchill, G. K. Chesterton, Hilaire Belloc, Duff Cooper and Maurice Baring. It was a tankard Hilaire had with him when he was at Balliol. If you ask politely you may be allowed to have a pint out of it yourself, but I strongly recommend Landlord Short to attach it to a steel chain well and truly riveted to the bar.

Talking of bottles and the New Year reminds me that Thomas Baty & Sons, one of Liverpool's leading wine merchants, had two Methuselahs of 1947 Perrier-Jouet flown over from France for the Rembrandt Club's festivities. They also provided Jeroboams and Magnums of the 1949 vintage, so it must have been quite a party. A Methuselah is equivalent to eight bottles and it takes at least two people to help in pouring it out. I presume that if a Nebuchadnezzar, which holds twenty bottles, is produced, one has to hire a portable crane.

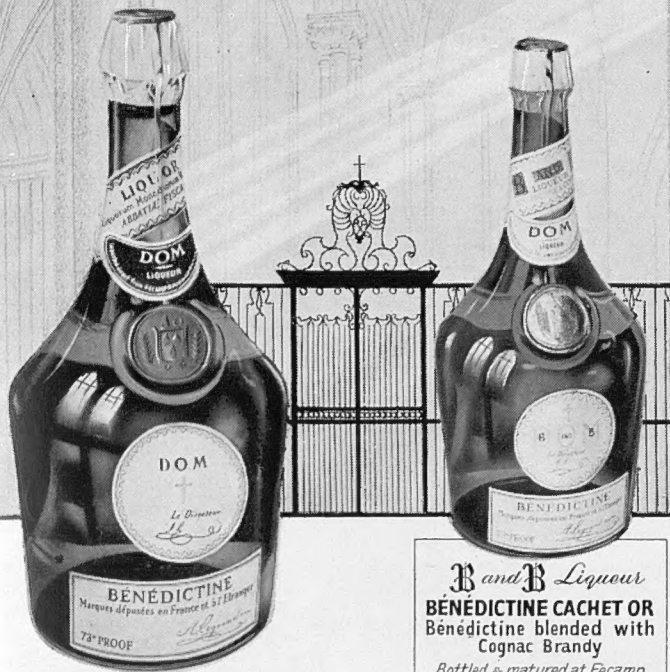
There is always a good deal of argument as to which bottles hold what, so here is the answer: Magnum, two bottles; Jeroboam, four; Methuselah, eight; Salmanazar, twelve; Balthazar, sixteen; and Nebuchadnezzar, twenty bottles.

IF you are anywhere near Baker Street Station or are on your way to Regent's Park and feel like a glass of first-class sherry under ideal conditions, it is well worth visiting the Sherry Bar of Henry Emberson, a Free Vintner, at 1 Glentworth Street.

The Bar is a delight with a large range of sherries, all in their own individual casks, and there is even some Palo Cortado available which, as they describe in their list, is a wine of "remote rarity," the name meaning "The Crossed Stick," and is used in Jerez as a symbol of phenomenal vinosity. You will probably be served by Henry Emberson in person and it is obvious that although it may be his business to sell wine, it is also his pleasure. Apart from this it is possible to buy some excellent wines from a short but very selective list.

—I. Bickerstaff

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**Walters—McIndoe.** Mr. Dennis M. Walters, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Walters, of Chandos Court, London, S.W.1., married Miss Vanora McIndoe, younger daughter of Sir Archibald McIndoe, and of Adonia Lady McIndoe, of Chatsworth Court, W.8., at St. James's, Spanish Place

## THEY WERE MARRIED



**Lamdin—Morgan.** The wedding took place at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, of Mr. David Lamdin, only son of Mr. R. S. Lamdin, of Malling Deanery, Lewes, and of Mrs. Anne Lamdin, and Miss Zara Morgan, only daughter of Mrs. Alan Welch, of Tavistone, Nr. Bookham, Surrey



**Woolrych—Moyse.** Lt.-Col. Robert Stanley Woolrych R.N., younger son of Mr. and Mrs. S. H. C. Woolrych, of Hampstead, London, married Miss Susan Ann Moyse, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dickson Moyse, of Bryanston Square, W.1., at St. Stephen's Church, Rochester Row, Westminster

**Lawson—Hunter.** The Hon. Hugh Lawson, younger son of Lord and Lady Burnham, of Hall Barn, Beaconsfield, Bucks, married Miss Hilary Hunter, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alan Hunter, of Almondbank, Perthshire, at St. Ninian's Cathedral, Perth



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